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# The Listener

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Henry Grant

Chemistry lesson in a secondary modern school (see 'The Task of the Secondary Modern School', by Edward Blishen, page 303)

In this number:

Western Germany and Eastern Europe (John Midgley)

Formosa: Danger-spot in the Far East (Brian Crozier)

America and the British Right (D. W. Brogan)





## *Money is our Business*

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# The Listener

Vol. LVII. No. 1456

Thursday February 21 1957

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## Western Germany and Eastern Europe

By JOHN MIDGLEY

THE dispute about the wisdom of west Germany raising an army, which has embittered German politics throughout almost the whole of Dr. Adenauer's seven and a half years of rule, does not now seem likely to dominate this year's election campaign as, only a few months ago, it seemed sure to do. Conscription will be an election issue, certainly. Herr Ollenhauer, the Opposition leader, declares that if his party comes to power it will abolish conscription; and so it probably would, if it came to power alone. But in practice nobody supposes that the Social Democrats can come to power alone; the most they expect is to win enough seats from the Christian Democrats to allow them to form a coalition government. If that should happen, they would have to listen to the views of their coalition partners, who might or might not agree that conscription could safely be done away with. What would happen would be, in other words, that the new government at Bonn would examine its military needs, and the best means of fulfilling them, in the light of the international situation that they found when they came to office—just as any other government, in Germany or elsewhere, might do.

Conscription in Germany has ceased, in fact, to be a great moral issue and has been deflated into a largely technical question: how can the country's defence needs best be met? That they will have to be met, in one way or another, has become common ground. The Bonn Government, or rather the parliamentary groups on which it depends, are partly responsible for this deflation. Putting political prudence above defence orthodoxy, they decided in the autumn that twelve months should be the term of conscript service for the new army, thus overruling the defence advisers, who had been pressing for an eighteen-months' term. Next, they decided to put off the general call-up; so that although the first conscripts have been taking their medical examinations in the past month only 10,000 of them are to be called up this spring, out of 100,000; the rest will be left undisturbed at any rate until the autumn.

This seems a big modification of west German defence policy. But it was a rational decision, as well as being politically convenient. The truth was, although the Bonn Government struggled for a long time

against admitting it, that the defence plans as a whole were not going ahead at a speed which made it sensible to put large numbers of conscripts in training this year. Herr Strauss, who replaced Herr Blank as Minister of Defence, took over this important job partly as the spokesman of those government supporters who were critical of the defence programme as it stood. These included Dr. Adenauer's Bavarian supporters, the Christian Social Union, to which Herr Strauss belongs. He brought to his new office some theories of his own about defence organisation, including the idea that it might be more useful to get four or five effective divisions in being quickly than to put half a million men in uniform in a hurry at all costs, before they could be properly trained, housed, or equipped, in order to meet the letter of the Bonn Government's obligation to Nato. Herr Strauss is putting his ideas into practice, and the demand for a big conscript army at once, which dominated German politics only a year ago, has been given a quiet funeral. Dr. Adenauer's Government has abandoned a doctrinaire approach to defence for a practical approach; and its change of line has had the effect of making the Opposition's attitude, too, more empirical and less doctrinaire than it was.

Even more than Herr Strauss, however, Mr. Kadar and the Soviet Army have contributed to the lowering of the temperature in the argument about German defence. The west Germans are hypersensitive to events in central and eastern Europe, with which their past is tied up and on which their national future so largely depends. Each shock and disturbance in the Soviet system in Europe sends a tremor through Germany. Upon the heels of the Hungarian national rising in October, with its message of hope, there followed the intervention of the Soviet Army against the Hungarian people, giving notice that Russian military power would be employed to keep communism in the saddle in central and eastern Europe. Out of the complex of hope and menace which the events in Budapest stirred up in their minds, many Germans drew one immediate conclusion: that it is not safe to live in central Europe, as close as they are to the shadow of Soviet armed power, without an army. Public opinion polls since then have tended to show that Dr. Adenauer's political stock, which was falling heavily



last year, has risen again as the German electorate has taken note of the demonstration that the Soviet army in central Europe is not there for show. This, people hold, vindicates the old Chancellor's insistence that if the west German state is to be a state, it must have an army.

What conclusion the German electors will draw about Germany's future foreign policy, as distinct from her defence policy, is still an open question; and it is this, it seems at present, that will provide the conflicting parties with the main subject-matter for their election campaign. In few countries are elections fought mainly on questions of foreign policy. Germany is an exception, because German foreign policy is necessarily largely concerned with the search for a solution of the German question itself: that is, with the search for German national unity. Now that the basic work of economic and social reconstruction after the war has been, broadly speaking, completed in west Germany, and now that the majority of the Germans once more live in a fully sovereign, independent German state, this question of national unity is the dominant issue that remains. One should not be misled, as some visitors to Germany are, by the fact that individual Germans when you talk to them are preoccupied with their own affairs rather than with the lot of their compatriots under communist rule east of the Elbe. Ordinary people in any country think of their own affairs first; but their collective political life is still subject to political imperatives. The demand for national unity is such an imperative in German political life. I do not believe that the German Federal Republic—a rich and powerful state of 50,000,000 people—will ever accept the existence of a separate German state east of the Elbe; I do not believe that it will ever for long lose sight of the national aim of incorporating the Soviet zone into a united Germany.

#### Social Democrats' Desire to Bargain with Russia

The division of Germany was an expression and a result of the Cold War, and so long as the Germans were sure that the Cold War was still on, they were prepared broadly to accept the assumptions of Dr. Adenauer, who asked them, in effect, to be patient about German unity, to think first of the communist menace and to entrust their future to the western alliance. The Social Democrats fought Dr. Adenauer every inch of the way over his policy of getting Germany into Nato, not because they were anti-western or pro-communist—they are not—but because they held that Germany must preserve a bargaining position to induce the Russians to give up the Soviet zone. They argue that Germany's membership of the western military alliance makes this more difficult, if not impossible. So long as the communist block of countries in Europe remained rigid and frozen under Soviet rule, the Social Democrat arguments could not prevail.

Once the fronts began to shift, the Germans were bound to start questioning the simple assumptions on which Dr. Adenauer's foreign policy was based. The questions began to gather strength when the Russians withdrew from Austria in 1955, even though Germans of both sides in politics were quick to reject neutralisation on the Austrian model as a solution for themselves. The questioning died down again for a time after the failure of the second Geneva conference. The Hungarian rising, the way in which Mr. Gomulka came to power in Poland, the evident restless pressure of the central and eastern European peoples to see the back of the Soviet army and resume a national existence of their own—all these things encourage the Germans to ask whether the communist satellite system, which holds a third of their own country in its grip, is going to last. If it is not going to last, what ought Bonn to be doing to speed the change and to extract from it the prize of German unity?

In this way, as the source of a demand for a more elastic and more mobile foreign policy, the upheaval in eastern Europe may have another and different influence on politics in west Germany. Unlike almost any other event in the seven and a half years since the Federal Republic was established, it has not so far tended to drive the two main parties at Bonn, the Christian Democratic Union and the Social Democrats, farther apart. On the contrary, their attitudes to foreign policy, at any rate as they are expressed in public statements, have lately been edging closer together to an extent that both of them must find embarrassing in an election year. It was not Herr Ollenhauer but the Federal Chancellor who, at a press conference in January, expressed interest in the idea of a 'thinned-out zone' of limited and controlled armaments between the two military systems, Nato and the Warsaw Pact. This 'thinned-out zone' would make nonsense of the existing military arrangements in Germany, which Dr. Adenauer has always declared to be vital to the West; yet Dr. Adenauer said that his Government had been studying

the idea since 1953. It is true that he later qualified what he had said, explaining that the 'thinned-out zone' would have to follow, not precede, a general agreement to limit atomic weapons. But he had said enough to suggest to the German electors that he is not, as his opponents allege, hidebound, or inelastic about new European defence arrangements that might permit a settlement of the German question.

#### Gestures from Bonn

Probably we can expect from Dr. Adenauer, as the summer goes on and as the Bundestag elections draw nearer, a few more excursions designed to convince the west German electors that the picture of the Chancellor as an old man set in his ways, unable to think of any move that will open a way out of the rigid alignments of the east-west front, is false. In Bonn in the past month I got a decided impression that different groups in his party have very different ideas about the desirability of gestures of this sort. You meet influential Christian Democrats who say firmly that it is dangerous to catch votes by making gestures for public consumption in which you do not really believe, and that in any case you do not really get any votes that way. Most of the German public, they say, has enough sense to know that the Russians will not think of giving up east Germany at present, even under the cover of a neutralised or 'thinned-out' zone; and those who do not recognise that will vote socialist anyway. These men continue to take a decidedly pessimistic view of the recent events in the communist world, even in Poland. They think that the Russians have had a scare and have made up their minds to hold on firmly to the positions they have. From this they conclude that the time has not come when Bonn can usefully indulge in diplomatic initiatives in eastern Europe. Other important men on the Government side at Bonn, though they may be just as pessimistic about the real chances of achieving anything in eastern Europe at present, are taking a different view of what the German electors want. Dr. Adenauer himself seems to be among this second group. My own guess is that there will be more gestures from Bonn, aimed ostensibly eastward but in reality, perhaps, at the west German voter.

With Dr. Adenauer cheerfully stealing the Opposition's thunder, and the Opposition intimidated by the thought that it might find itself in office one day soon, it has become difficult at times to know who is saying what in Bonn nowadays. Thus Dr. Adenauer spoke of a 'turning-point' in international politics at one of his press conferences this month; he talked optimistically about the prospect of more fruitful relations with Russia, and he based his optimism in part on the economic failures and political discontent in the former satellite countries which must, he said, have given the Russians food for thought. This was just after he had announced that Mr. Smirnov, the Russian ambassador in Bonn, had brought him a letter from Mr. Bulganin. When the letter was published it turned out to be less agreeable in tone than might have been expected from the way the Chancellor first mentioned it; and he devoted a broadcast to refuting much of what it said.

#### The Foreign Minister's Point of View

German commentators were quick to point out that Dr. Adenauer's theory of a turning-point in relations with Russia directly contradicted the formal policy statement which his Foreign Minister, Herr von Brentano, had made on behalf of the Government in the Bundestag only a week before. Herr von Brentano said then that the Russians had reacted to the crises in Poland and Hungary by a sharp return to Stalinist methods; they were putting the clock back; he said that the West German Government would go on trying to talk the Russians round to a settlement of the German question, but he found no grounds for hope in the Soviet Government's recent conduct. These are the two schools in government thinking at Bonn just now; how far the difference between them is one of substance and how far one merely of electoral tactics, time may show. On the surface there is almost as much difference between these two schools of government thought at the moment as there is between either of them and the Social Democrat opposition. True, the Social Democrats continue to declare their intention, if they come to power, of negotiating over Germany's future membership of Nato with the Russians. But Herr Ollenhauer, their leader, insists that, first of all, they stand by Bonn's existing treaty obligations to the West; and, secondly, that when they do start talks with the Russians for a settlement of the German question, they will do so only in concert with, and together with, the Western Powers. To complete the picture it only needed another Social Democrat spokesman,



Herr Erler, to caution Dr. Adenauer about the importance of talking over any proposals for German unity with the Western Powers first, and getting their backing before starting any talks with the Russians; any dealings with Moscow ought not, said Herr Erler, to be conducted in a way that might impair Bonn's relations with its western allies.

These are among the opening moves in an election campaign; there is no knowing just where the campaign will take the protagonists between now and September. Still, enough has been said in Germany's 1957 campaign already to make it necessary to revise the picture of west German politics which has been accepted for some years past: a government resolved to hold unyieldingly to its course, and a socialist opposition prepared to trifle with the western alliance and take risks with the Russians.

No doubt there would, in fact, be a change of emphasis and a difference of approach in the conduct of German foreign policy if Dr. Adenauer's Government were to be overthrown at the elections in September, and a coalition led by the Social Democrats were to take its place. I do not believe, however, that there would be a complete change of direction; nor do I believe that the German policy will keep rigidly to its present lines if the present Government continues for another four-year term. As I have said, the demand for national unity

has become an imperative of German politics, and because only the Russians can grant it, any government at Bonn is bound to keep an eye on the possibility of discussing a German settlement in Moscow.

This is often talked of as a danger for the western alliance. I am not convinced that it should be. The important thing is that in any dealings with Russia on the subject, Bonn and the western allies should act together; and, fortunately, both the present Government at Bonn and the Social Democrat opposition are equally firm in insisting that this must be done. There is no basic reason why it should not be, provided that the western governments are clear in their minds about their own long-term interest. German reunification is, as I think, a western interest; for what the West, and Britain in particular, wants in Europe is that Europe should be stable, and Europe cannot be stable so long as Germany is divided. Nor, indeed, can the schemes for European unity ever bear their full fruit—a strong, influential, and united Europe—so long as the division of Germany continues.

It follows that it is no use trying to put the thought of future German talks with the Russians out of our minds or letting the fear of them complicate our judgement of German politics. Nor must we assume that west Germany's present relationship with Nato is sacred and must never be discussed. Sooner or later it is bound to be discussed.

—Third Programme

## Danger-spot in the Far East

BRIAN CROZIER on a recent visit to Formosa

EVERY day at dawn, and again at dusk, a platoon of the Chinese Nationalist army lines up before the presidential mansion in Taipeh, a huge and ugly red-brick building put up by the Japanese. Heads are bared and passers-by stand at attention. Then the military band plays the slow and solemn national anthem of Chiang Kai-shek's Republic of China. It is a moment that I found moving, although I am not normally moved by solemn occasions.

Yet when I left London on my way to the Far East I was in no frame of mind to be moved by the plight of the Chinese Nationalist Government. Our Government recognised the Chinese Communist regime in 1950 so there is no Chinese Nationalist embassy in London. To get a visa to visit Formosa you have to apply through the nearest Nationalist embassy, which is in Paris. When my application form reached me from Paris I found the first paragraph irresistibly funny, for it read: 'Only visa requests for Formosa accepted at the moment, the delivery of visas for continental China being suspended until further notice'. There, if ever there was one, was an example of Chinese face-saving at its most delightful. There is this Government of Chiang Kai-shek's in Taipeh, capital of the island province of Formosa, in effective control of a land area less than half the size of Scotland and behaving as if it still ruled the 4,000,000 square miles of mainland China; as if, at any moment, it might be in a position to issue visas for Peking.

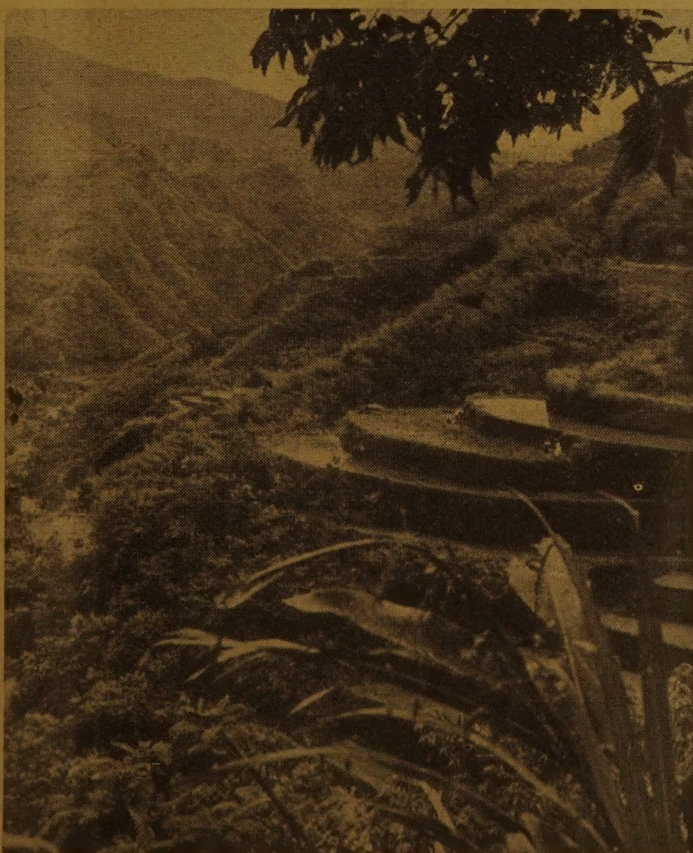
Now that I have been to Formosa and seen the way the Nationalists are running things, now that I have talked to the leading Nationalists, including Chiang Kai-shek himself and the Vice-President, General Ch'en Ch'eng, as well as to high American officials in Hong Kong, Taipeh, and Washington, I see things rather differently. I

would not go as far as to say that I now think Chiang Kai-shek will be back in Peking this year or next. I am no longer convinced that the Nationalist cause is hopeless; and I now think I was wrong to write off Chiang Kai-shek and his Kuomintang Government as though they were discredited and of no account. My visit to Formosa was full of surprises. To begin with, when a country is under constant threat of war, as Formosa is, one expects to find a certain amount of tension in the air. Not so in Formosa. Everybody is smiling and friendly: not simply the officials but everybody from the shopkeepers to the staff

at the Friends of China Club where I stayed, and to the customs official who chalked up my luggage as soon as he saw my British passport and told me I should be very welcome if ever I cared to make a second visit to Taipeh.

Another surprise was the standard of living. You see no ostentatious displays of wealth in Formosa, but neither do you see much real poverty. Certainly fewer people go about barefoot than in some parts of Europe. Everywhere I saw well-filled shops. The high standard of literacy is another thing that strikes one. If I wanted to go somewhere in Taipeh I just asked the girl behind the desk at the club to write the address down in Chinese and I showed the slip of paper to a pedicab driver who took me to the right place. Anyway, the Nationalist Government, since it was forced into exile on Formosa, has made a tremendous literacy drive, so that now 75 per cent. of the whole population is literate. But the really interesting thing is that over the whole island 93 per cent. of the children go to primary school.

There are a good many examples of this sort of thing. Although the population of Formosa has gone up from 7,500,000 to 10,000,000 since 1950 the island is still self-sufficient in food,



Terraced paddy-fields in Formosa: rice is the island's chief product



and it is still able to export sugar, rice, pineapples, and other foodstuffs; in some cases more than before. At the same time, local industries have sprung up: fertilisers for Formosa's own agriculture, textiles, bicycles, shoes, both for the local market and for export. I admit all this is easier on a small island than on the mainland, but I still think it is impressive. Another thing: a great land reform programme was pushed through between 1951 and 1953 and now three-quarters of the peasants own the land they actually till. The interesting thing about this land reform is that the Nationalists managed to push it through without murdering millions of landlords or richer peasants as the Communists did on the Chinese mainland. They compensated the landlords rather neatly by giving them land bonds and industrial shares—in other words, by turning them into good capitalists!

The Americans have helped a good deal in all this: we know they have been pouring money into Formosa and are still pouring it in: and not only money, but military material, technicians, military advisers. There are two reasons for this. One is that the Americans do not want to abandon Chiang Kai-shek who was, after all, a staunch ally during the war, although there was a time when the American Government was content to let the Nationalists stew in their own juice. The other reason is that the American military planners consider Formosa essential to the defence of the United States. Behind this view is the reasoning that the war between the Chinese Communists and Nationalists is more than just a civil war: it is part of the broader struggle between communism and the free world.

Although I have formerly often disagreed with American policy in different parts of the world, I have come back from my tour of the Far East and my visit to Washington convinced that the Americans have been right in their policy towards China: that they have been right not to recognise Communist China, right to support the Nationalist regime and its army of 600,000, right even to try to keep the Chinese Communists out of the United Nations.

The best way of explaining why I hold these views is to look at the opposite view of Formosa—what might be called the Indian view. According to this view, the quarrel between the Chinese Communists and Nationalists is just an unfinished civil war. All you have to do to remove a threat to world peace is to bring the two sides together and let them work out a peace settlement. I consider it to be not only wrong on realistic grounds but morally wrong as well. For what the Indian plan really means is that the Americans should get out of Formosa and the Nationalists—the weaker side—should accept Communist surrender terms. The Communists *sound* so reasonable these days. After all, Chou En-lai, the Communist Prime Minister, recently offered Chiang Kai-shek a job for life. Yet look at it from the American point of view. It beats me why the Americans should just hand over Formosa to the Communists; for that is what the negotiation idea would mean. Not only would this outflank the Philippines and dangerously affect America's defences in the Pacific; it would also undermine the whole anti-Communist position in south-east Asia, particularly that of countries with large Chinese minorities, like Malaya and Indonesia, for the non-Communist Chinese in those countries, having lost Formosa as a rallying point, would simply become a prey to Chinese Communist subversion. Looking at this from the Nationalist side, it would also mean handing over 10,000,000 people to the tender mercies of the Communists. In no time the standard of living of Formosa would be reduced to that of the mainland and, whatever the Communists say, sooner or later thousands of Nationalists would be slaughtered, just as millions of Chinese were slaughtered on the mainland during the terror of 1950 to 1952. Whatever the Nationalists may have been like in their last couple of years on the mainland, they surely deserve better

than that, if only for what they have achieved in Formosa since 1949.

There is, it is true, a danger that so long as there are two Chinas, war could start up again and we should be dragged in. It was because I was aware of this danger that I wanted to talk it over with President Chiang Kai-shek. Under treaty obligations with the United States, the Chinese Nationalists are not supposed to attack the Chinese mainland without the prior approval of the Americans. Besides, if Chiang ever did attack without American support he would run out of military supplies within a few weeks. Nevertheless there is the danger that he will feel his hour has come and strike even if the Americans have not given their approval. So that was the main question I put to him when I did meet him. The slight figure in his uniform without insignia of rank, wearing a black skull cap, smiled incessantly as we spoke. He looked fit and alert at nearly seventy. I asked him if the Nationalists would ever launch an invasion of the Chinese mainland without prior American approval, in view of their treaty obligations with the United

States. His reply was: 'We shall of course honour our treaty obligations... But we don't think the Americans would withhold their consent if we thought the time was ripe'. After that, I naturally wanted to know what kind of conditions would have to arise for the Generalissimo to consider the time was ripe for an invasion. What Chiang Kai-shek's reply came down to was that he expected at some time or other a situation to arise in China something like that in Hungary last October, with a mass revolt from below and a split in the Chinese Communist Party. There is no sign at present of such a situation in China. But neither was there any sign of an impending revolution in Hungary a year ago.

I found my talk with Chiang Kai-shek disquieting. There is no mistaking the man's determination. Compromise is out of the question as far as he is concerned: and he is determined, some day, somehow, to regain the Chinese mainland. I respect this determination, but as



Rolling stock being built in Formosa with economic aid from the United States

things stand the scales are weighted against him and I only hope he does not misjudge his chances and launch an attack which could only end in disaster. For the Americans might be drawn in, even if Chiang Kai-shek struck without their approval in the first place, and the Russians might then come in on the side of the Chinese Communists.

The alarming picture I have just painted is the worst that could happen. There are plenty of reasons for hoping that it will not happen. The main one is the fact that the Americans are in Formosa. You may have heard it suggested that the Americans are egging President Chiang Kai-shek on, but that simply is not true. It is true that they are protecting Formosa from a Communist attack but at the same time they are restraining the Nationalists, and it would be difficult for the Nationalists to start anything without the approval of the United States.

I do not know what the future will bring. But as far ahead as one can see, Formosa is likely to remain a danger-spot. People who think there is an easy way out are deceiving themselves. It has been suggested that Formosa should be put under United Nations trusteeship, but trusteeship was designed for backward areas or colonies, as a temporary measure: you cannot put a place as advanced as Formosa under trusteeship: neither can you simply proclaim Formosa as an independent republic, since neither Peking nor Taipei would accept this. Then again, you cannot hand over the island to the Communists. If the Chinese Communists would agree to renounce force over Formosa, as the Americans have been asking them to do for the past eighteen months, that might help. In the meantime, Formosa remains just another of the unpleasant realities we have to live with.—Home Service



# India: Paradise for Planners

By ANDREW SHONFIELD

**Y**OU must have noticed', said the young Indian official with whom I was driving through southern India, 'that we Indians are much more plan-minded than people in Britain and Europe'. We were discussing the second five-year plan, and I had made the point that it all depended on an entirely unquestioned assumption that everyone—capitalists, as well as industrial workers and peasants—would co-operate with the Government in pushing the policy through. My companion, a modest and capable young man of the new generation of Indian civil servants, asserted that this was 'of course' a perfectly reasonable assumption. 'Now that the Government has decided on the plan and its purpose is understood, most Indians naturally accept it—and that applies to private enterprise too. They may not like parts of the plan, but they know that they must work with the Government'.

## A Government with Prestige

He was certainly right about this, as I discovered later when I got to Bombay, the main centre of Indian business. It is a striking fact about Indian politics that there is no coherent opposition to the Congress Party from the right. Even the minority who are openly anti-Congress tend to have a rather uncritical and exaggerated view of the capacity of the Congress Government to execute its will. The Congress has great popular authority, because of its part in the struggle for national independence. But that happened ten years ago, and independence has still left millions of Indians on a near-starvation level of subsistence. The fate of the Moslem League in Pakistan shows that the party of national independence does not necessarily retain its moral authority for long. Moreover, Indian business men have been repeatedly warned by the Congress leaders that they aim to establish a socialist society, and there is nothing in their actions so far to suggest that they do not mean what they say. Indeed, I went to India expecting to find an attitude towards the Government among business men rather similar to that of the Cripps era of Labour rule in this country. What I was expecting was scepticism not only about the Government's ability to make a good plan but about its ability to carry it out. It is this scepticism which appears to be entirely lacking in India. The Government has enormous prestige.

This is a fact of some practical importance today, when the Indians are trying to carry through a planned industrial revolution at high speed, without the useful paraphernalia of despotism to help them. In China, the planners had to demonstrate first of all that the state was something that had to be taken seriously. The terror following the Communists' seizure of power was one of their instruments for doing so. But in India the revolutionary party, when it achieved national independence, stepped straight into the shoes of an efficient and honest administration which, whatever its other failings, had always commanded respect.

It is only this deeply ingrained attitude towards the central power which can explain the earlier achievements of the Congress Government, immediately after independence and before it was fully in control of the situation. The most remarkable of these achievements are, in my view, the removal of the Indian princes, who had previously governed an area with a population of upwards of 80,000,000, and the big land reform. In both cases a fledgling state with limited coercive power at its disposal challenged rich, privileged, and powerful groups of people who might have been expected to react violently. But hardly anywhere over the vast territory where princes and large landowners were being removed from positions of authority and wealth was there even a show of serious resistance. It is true they were given money compensation for the loss of their property; but the effective elimination of these two important classes, with the consent of their members, remains a remarkable feat. Certainly no ordinary state, with the ordinary amount of prestige, would have got away with it so easily.

With these experiences behind them, it is perhaps no wonder that the Indian leaders approached the huge tasks of the second five-year plan in a mood of such self-confidence. The plan is extremely ambitious. I do not mean only that the targets set for particular industries are

pitched rather high; some of these can, and are, being corrected by the simple expedient of spreading the current five-year programme over six years. What is more striking is the general conception of the plan—the forced rate of growth which it envisages over a period of many more years and the grandiose scale of the objectives aimed at in the middle distance, say by the late nineteen-sixties. If one asks critically what is the real aim of the investment programme set out in the second five-year plan, the correct answer is: to make possible the third five-year plan. I suspect that when the time comes, the same question and answer will apply to the third five-year plan in relation to the fourth. In other words, India is embarked on a ten-year programme of self-denial during which the great bulk of any new savings accruing to the community will be devoted to enlarging the foundations on which a full-scale industrial economy will eventually be built. But it will be a long time before the consumer gets anything out of these basic industries that are now being laboriously created.

The Indians are, in fact, applying the principles that are familiar from Soviet planning: the overriding emphasis on the expansion of the heavy industries, on steel above all else, and with this the deliberate acceptance of a long period of waiting by the consumer before he draws any appreciable benefit from the process. The planners do nevertheless envisage a steady rise in the real income per head year by year. But that rise depends on two things which are right outside the main stream of the big industrial development programme. The first of these is the expected increase of food output as a result of the improvement in agricultural techniques. Indian farming is still for the most part primitive and the yield of crops per acre is low even by Asian standards. There is certainly plenty of scope for raising it, and the Indian Government is putting a great deal of effort and a fair amount of money into the business of teaching the peasants how to do it. The second major source of consumer goods looked to by the planners is the hand-loom weaver of cloth in the villages. The expansion of the factory textile industry is being checked in order to make room for more weavers in the villages, who are less efficient and produce goods which are more expensive. The idea is to create more work for underemployed people in the countryside and so stop the drift to the towns.

But what this means is that the Indian consumer will have less cloth than he would have had if the factory textile industry had been allowed to go ahead and expand without government interference. So that in this sense it looks as if the Soviet consumer has the advantage, since he does at least receive the benefit of an all-out industrial effort in such consumer goods as are being produced. Similarly in agriculture the Soviet planner would no doubt argue that the Indians were taking a big risk by relying mainly on voluntary improvements in techniques to raise food output, in the face of a population increasing at the rate of 4,000,000 to 5,000,000 a year.

## Unappreciated Difficulties

Thus, it would seem on the face of it that the Indian Government, while adopting the same industrial objectives as the Soviet planners, had chosen a course which made it even more difficult to carry them out. This is only another way of saying that the Indians have chosen to industrialise themselves on the basis of a mixed economy of public and private enterprise, and have rejected communism. But there is no sign that the Indians have taken in the nature of the difficulties involved in central planning in a mixed economy, as revealed for instance in the British experiment under the Labour Party in the years immediately following the war. The sort of problem that immediately occurs to an Englishman with this experience in mind is how the state manages to make its complicated system of licensing effective, covering everything from the use of a single consignment of steel to the building of an entire factory workshop. What methods does it have of checking, for example, the double and treble ordering of the same consignment of steel from different manufacturers which did so much to wreck the British steel rationing scheme in its time?

(continued on page 314)



# The Listener

## What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on Soviet diplomacy

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$5.00, including postage. Special rate for two years: \$8.50; for three years: \$11.50. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., The Eastern News Company, New York 14, N.Y.

## Education Today

IT is a platitude to say that education is a subject of the first importance in our society, but it is wise to remind ourselves that it is of momentous concern in our present age, for three special reasons. In the first place our democratic parliamentary system is comparatively young, less than 100 years old if we date it back to the second Reform Act, and it has always been linked in the minds of our rulers with universal education. In our own time other nations have introduced this form of government, in India, for example, without having anything approaching an educated electorate. But we have believed, and most of us still believe, that education is the basis of true democracy, and without it our form of government might easily be overthrown. Secondly, our educational system is in the process of adjusting itself to the welfare state and to the social revolution which we have undergone since the last war ended. A recurrent question today, for example, is whether the public school system ought to continue in this changing world. Thirdly, we are conscious of moving into scientific and technological times. Does our traditional educational system, based—especially at our universities—so largely upon the arts, need a drastic overhaul, lest education lose touch with life?

The B.B.C. is conscious of the pressing significance of educational problems and for this reason has recently launched both in television and in sound broadcasting a number of programmes calculated to stimulate public interest. In the Third Programme talks are being given each month, one of which, dealing with the secondary modern school, by Edward Blishen, is published by us this week. Earlier talks on the aims of the University College of North Staffordshire and on the future of the humanities aroused considerable interest, but of course the universities, though the breeding ground of teachers and of many members of the governing classes, are not quite of such general concern as the outlook for our schools. The question that is being extensively canvassed today is whether or not the eleven-plus examination is a success or failure, a fair test or a lucky dip. Many experienced teachers maintain that there is sufficient flexibility to ensure that few promising children are pushed off the educational ladder; equally many disappointed parents feel that their children are harassed at a difficult age and that an obstacle has been created in their paths. There are some people who go as far as to say that the secondary modern school is a sort of educational backwater. Mr. Blishen in his stimulating talk shows that schools and teachers are by no means clear about the aims of these schools, and says that in them 'there is a great divergence of opinion and practice'.

Those who are doubtful about the place of the secondary modern school in our educational system see hope in the establishment of comprehensive schools. On the other hand those who believe that the present system is reasonably flexible express doubts about the value of such 'monsters', as they call them. A good deal must depend upon the individuals concerned, upon the local education authorities, who have wide powers, upon the inspectors of education, and upon the headmasters and mistresses. It is probably true to say that even a wrongly conceived system can be made to work if enough enthusiasm and devotion are poured into it. Looked at as a whole, our educational structure today seems somewhat eclectic and experimental. The cynic might say that it reflects our native genius for muddling through. But to foreigners or inexpert laymen the picture must be puzzling, and it is right that they should be provided with enlightenment.

MOSCOW RADIO gave great publicity to the speech on foreign affairs made in the Supreme Soviet by Mr. Shepilov, on February 12, three days before his replacement by Mr. Gromyko as Foreign Minister. He began by emphasising that peaceful co-existence was 'the corner-stone of Soviet foreign policy'. He then alleged that 'the imperialists', realising that the communist countries were becoming increasingly powerful and that 'the dreams of preserving the system of colonial slavery in the East' were vain, had 'resorted to the poisoned weapon of anti-popular conspiracies and war gambles'. But it would be an act of 'sheer madness' to raise the sword against the powerful stronghold of communism, manned by a garrison of 900,000,000 people, centring on the Soviet-Chinese alliance. Therefore:

The only sensible solution is that the ruling powers of the capitalist world should finally give up all intentions of rolling back communism and embark upon the road of peaceful co-existence. . . . In conformity with this demand, the Soviet Government . . . will continue to display in its policy the utmost self-control, patience, and persistence.

Mr. Shepilov then proceeded to reveal the proposals made the previous day in the Soviet Notes to the three Western Powers for a four-Power agreement on the Middle East. After outlining the six principles to be observed, he re-affirmed that Israel must unconditionally evacuate all Egyptian territory and that the Suez Canal problem must be settled on the basis of Egypt's 'inalienable right' to ownership of the Canal. Mr. Shepilov then proposed a world economic conference, to improve international trade, and said that 'the Soviet Union is ready to give favourable consideration to any initiative conducive to the establishment of mutual understanding with the U.S.A., Britain, and France'. Two major problems were disarmament, including a ban on nuclear weapons; and collective security in Europe and Asia. Any country—in Europe, the Middle East or the Far East—which allowed U.S. 'atomic task groups' on its territory would assume full responsibility for the consequences. Mr. Shepilov ended by saying that the Soviet Union, while continuing its peaceful efforts, would strengthen its armed forces and 'firmly grip the rifle in our hand—and not only a rifle!'

Following Mr. Shepilov's replacement as Foreign Minister, a Moscow broadcast on February 16 described his policy declaration to the Supreme Soviet as 'exhaustive, comprehensive, and correct'. On the same day, in a broadcast speech from New Delhi, Marshal Zhukov repeated the Soviet proposals on the Middle East and, referring to President Eisenhower's plan, said that the theory of filling a vacuum in the Middle East was fraught with dangers. A Moscow broadcast to many foreign audiences emphasised that 'the Eisenhower doctrine . . . aims at fanning the fire of war'.

Many western commentators expressed the view that Mr. Shepilov's replacement as Foreign Minister was partly due to a failure of Russian policy in the Middle East, and also to a replacement of Mr. Khrushchev's international outlook by a more Stalinist one, to be executed by Molotov's protégé, Mr. Gromyko. A Belgrade broadcast, quoting *Borba*, criticised Mr. Shepilov's reference in his speech to Soviet-Yugoslav relations which, it said, followed numerous articles in the Soviet and satellite press 'vilifying Yugoslavia' and calling on the socialist countries to rally even closer round the Soviet Union. Such articles, said the broadcast,

lack any serious endeavour to analyse the problems facing the socialist countries and workers' movements in the world today . . . and show that their authors shut their eyes to reality, probably out of fear of what is new in that reality.

From Poland, an article in *Trybuna Ludu* was transmitted on the 'numerous polemics in the communist press on the problem of the unity of the Socialist States and of the Communist Parties'. It criticised irresponsible commentators in Czechoslovakia and elsewhere for calling for a rejection of any nationalist or revisionist attitude inside the communist movement; said that the theory of the 'monolithic unity' of the working-class movement had, for the last twenty years, been a 'myth':

To build the unity of the socialist camp today must involve no return to that form of unity practised during Stalin's lifetime. . . . Today the development of communism depends more than ever on a free exchange of views. . . . Let it be said: in the matter of the internationalist ties which link Poland to the countries of the socialist camp, and especially with the U.S.S.R., our party neither was nor is in an easy situation'.



# Did You Hear That?

## SAILORS' UNIFORMS

REGULATION UNIFORM for seamen of the Royal Navy was introduced 100 years ago and for the first time sailors began wearing the short, blue jackets with brass buttons from which the term 'blue jacket' is derived. The Admiralty archivist, PETER KEMP, spoke in 'The Eye-witness' about seamen's uniforms before and after the blue jackets came into use.

'Although it is only a hundred years since regulations were laid down for the dress of seamen', he said, 'there has been a sort of uniform for them from the earliest days. It came from a slop chest—the stock of clothes carried on board by the purser and sold to the men as their needs arose. Once the original clothes in which a man joined were worn out, he had perforce to dress like his fellows in the rig that the pursers, or "pussers" as the sailors called them, sold him.

In the early eighteenth century the well-dressed seamen wore—per his slop chest—a grey kersey jacket, that is of a cloth made in the Suffolk village of Kersey, lined with red cotton, a waistcoat of Welsh red, either red kersey breeches, red flowered shag breeches, or striped shag breeches, a blue-and-white checked shirt, and grey woollen stockings. Fifty years later he was wearing a green-and-blue baize "frock and trousers", known as petticoat-trousers and not unlike a Scotch kilt with knee-length breeches beneath it. By the time of Trafalgar in 1805 he was dressed in a red or blue striped cotton shirt, waistcoat and trousers with jacket of blue baize or yellow nankeen—a cotton cloth made in China—and a canvas petticoat to the knees for boat work or when working up on the yards. He had a large black silk handkerchief across his forehead when working the guns to prevent the sweat running down into his eyes, and one round his neck to prevent the tar with which his pigtail was dressed from staining his jacket.

After Trafalgar, uniform became a little bizarre according to the whim of individual captain. The ship's company of H.M.S. *Blazer*, for instance, wore blue-and-white striped guernseys and short jackets with brass buttons. Incidentally, that is the origin of the sports coat known as the blazer of today. In 1853, Commander Wilmot of H.M.S. *Harlequin* dressed his boat's crew as Harlequins, and a year later, not to be outdone, Captain Houston of the *Trincomalee* dressed his whole ship's company in red shirts and fancy caps.

All this came to an end in 1857, the year when the official uniform was designed and brought into force. It was similar to the seaman's uniform of today, except that the blue jacket of 1857 has become the blue jumper of 1957, and the tarpaulin hat has changed into the peakless cap.

There are various stories about the modern seaman's uniform. One is that the three rows of tape around his collar represent Nelson's three great victories of the Nile, Copenhagen,

and Trafalgar. In fact the seaman's collar had originally only two rows, but the committee responsible for its design added a third as it gave a better balance to the collar. Another story is that the black silk worn by sailors is a sign of mourning for Nelson's death. It is merely the continuance of the black silk handkerchief which sailors wore to protect

their clothing from the tar on their pigtails and to keep the sweat out of their eyes. I wish they were true stories, for I should like to think of our greatest sailor being commemorated in this permanent fashion'.



'Sailors in port', a mezzotint of 1798. The sailor on the right is wearing petticoat-trousers



British naval seamen of the early eighteenth century in kersey jackets and breeches  
National Maritime Museum

## CAVILLING DAY

'Some working places down the coal pit are better than others', said ROBERT STOKER in 'The North-countryman'. 'In a few of them, coal might be fairly easy to come by; in others, because of the things one comes up against in pit work, a man might have to work twice as hard with half the result. So among the men on piece work—coal-hewers, fillers, and so on—the working-places have to be fairly shared out, and this is done by having a quarterly draw or raffle for these places. In the pit villages of the north this is called "cavilling": putting in the "cavils", as the slips of paper for the draw are called, is the only fair and reasonable way of doing things.

Hence an air of tenseness in the office, usually on every thirteenth Friday morning. For when the men's names are drawn out of the box in front of the union officials and the under-manager and then written in alongside the descriptions of the working places—then a man's destiny,

at least at work, is settled for the next thirteen weeks. He is going to be comfortable—or less comfortable. He is going to be a little bit better off than he has been—or a little bit worse. The luck of the draw could make a difference of about £5 a week to him.

When the draw begins, the union officials and the under-manager pick up their pens and pencils. That is the signal; and the hum of conversation stops so suddenly that it might have been turned off at a switch. The box is shaken up. A boy, brought in off the street for the job, is beckoned from the back of the room by one of the officials, and advances towards the table. The under-manager announces the first working place to be drawn for: "The North East Five: First West"—the first cavil. The boy dips into the box and takes out the first slip of paper. One of the officials takes it from him and unfolds it with great care—for this is not the sort of thing which is done lightly: it contains the names of the six-man team who for the next quarter will have the first cavil North East Five: First West.

"Bell, the two Brown brothers, Thomas, Noble, and King". So Bell, the two Brown brothers, Thomas, Noble, and King know their fate. Or at least one of them does; if everybody turned up for the draw there would not



be an office big enough to hold them. But Bell knows; and after nodding his acceptance of what the fates have bestowed upon him, he hurries off to his mates with the news, in advance of the list which will be hung up later in the Miners' Hall. And judging by the look on his face he is well pleased. His wife will be pleased, too, in that case. For the wives are as closely concerned as the men. After all, they are the ones who have to buy the groceries, get the bairns' clothes and put a bit away for the holidays or the "telly".

'Once upon a time, when a few shillings more or a few shillings less in a wage packet made rather more difference than it does these days, the womenfolk used to invoke all sorts of superstitious aids on cavilling day, such as turning all the ornaments upside down on the mantelpiece or even (though this is hard to believe) putting the cat in the oven'.

### SOUTHAMPTON REVISITED

'Southampton', said VIVIAN OGILVIE in 'Window on the West', 'proclaims itself the "gateway to Britain". It is a good phrase, but in a way unfair to Southampton. For a gateway is something you pass through; you do not linger there. Southampton is an interesting town—a handsome one, clean, spacious, with fine parks and gardens, and architecture of real distinction. Much of its medieval wall is still standing, with three of the gates; there are medieval and Tudor buildings; and elegant houses from the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries.

'The geography and general plan of the town are remarkable, too. It occupies a triangle of land, formed by two rivers which run into Southampton Water. And from the tip of this triangle, where the docks are, a long main street runs northwards right across the town, to emerge into the country as the road to Winchester. It is the docks, started in 1836, that have made modern Southampton. Everyone knows it as the port where the *Queens* and many other great liners berth. But it handles cargo as well, and in the value of goods passing through it ranks sixth among Britain's ports.

'Naturally it was heavily bombed during the war and the main area of destruction was the southern part of the town, from the docks up to the shopping centre. The principal shops occupied a stretch of that long main street and it was obvious that, when rebuilding began, this stretch must resume its pre-war function. The opportunity was taken, however, to free it of a good deal of traffic. Behind the new shops tangles of little streets and back-to-back buildings have been cleared away, so that lorries and vans can draw up at the back. Another step was to divert vehicles that are making their way to and from the docks from this main shopping street. So a series of relief roads have been or are being developed.

'A feature of Southampton is the fact that many residential streets run off the main artery and then spread out. Before the war much of this was rather higgledy-piggledy. The authorities have not aimed at clearing houses away from the middle of the town, but have preserved the traditional pattern, while tidying it up. Indeed they have made a point of building new blocks of flats in the neighbourhood of the new relief road to the docks and of shifting some of the commercial premises to make way for them. These commercial premises belonged largely to wholesale firms dealing in goods that arrive at the docks. That kind of business is now being concentrated on both sides of the main street, lower down than the shopping centre.

'What has been done in the older part of the town is, of course, the most interesting part of the rebuilding, and to carry out its plans the Council had to declare the central area an area of comprehensive development and secure extensive powers of compulsory purchase. In this way, for instance, little streets and alleys could be abolished and built over. I tried to find out if there had been much heart-burning and opposition, but the people I asked were rather cagey. I gathered that there had been the usual press controversy over the contemporary style of architecture adopted for the new lines of shops. These are planned as blocks, from one side street to the next, and I think the result gives a dignified unity without suppressing all individuality'.

### THERE THEY LIE

'For terseness', said ANNE BALLARD in a West of England Home Service talk, 'I think it would be hard to beat these lines about a man who died at Madron, near Penzance:

Belgia me birth, Britain me breeding gave;  
Cornwall a wife, ten children, and a grave.

In St. Mylor churchyard near Penzance, there is all the material for a thriller:



Aerial view of Southampton's rebuilt shopping centre with Bargate in the foreground. The civic centre is seen in the left background

In memory of Thos. James, aged 35, who on the eve of 17th December 1814, on his return to Flushing from St. Maves in a Boat, was shot by a Custom House officer and expired a few hours after.

'When you have prowled round a few churchyards, you begin to understand why our ancestors used to pray to be delivered from sudden death. At Rowberrow in Somerset there is an inscription that starts in the normal nineteenth century way:

Art thou in Health and spirits gay?  
I too was so—the other day,  
And thought myself of Life as safe  
As thou who read'st my epitaph.

Then comes the stark statement:

He was crushed to Death in a Mine.

'I have come across a surprising number of these tragedies. William Fowler of Chew Magna was "shot by a highwayman on Dundry Hill June 14th 1814 aged 32". Poor Elsie Adeline Luke of Bathampton was "cruelly murdered on Hampton Down August 1891". Most startling of all was the fate of Hannah Twynnoy of Malmesbury. She was mauled to death by a tiger.

'In these cases the epitaphs were obviously composed after the event. But I can think of several memorial pieces which reveal a distinct quirk of personality, as though the deceased had written them himself. There is, for instance, the elaborate series of puns carved on the top of a box tomb outside the door of St. Petroch's Church at Lydford in Devon: how the watchmaker who lies beneath it must have enjoyed working out the metaphors:

Here lies in horizontal position the outside case of George Routleigh, watchmaker, whose abilities in that line were an honour to his profession; integrity was the mainspring and prudence the regulator of all the actions of his life; humane, generous, and liberal, his hand never stopped till he had relieved distress; so nicely regulated were all his movements that he never went wrong except when set a'going by people who did not know his key; even then he was easily set right again. He departed this life, November 14th 1802, aged 57; wound up in hopes of being taken in hand by his Maker, and being thoroughly cleansed, repaired, and again set a'going in the world to come'.



# America and the British Right

By D. W. BROGAN

IT is proof of the degree to which we have accepted 'left' hostility to the United States as a permanent feature of our 'climate of opinion', that the revelation of the equally deep, passionate, and irrational anti-Americanism of the 'right' should have surprised us. For not only is there nothing fantastic in all parties disliking the United States, if for different reasons, but there were many good reasons why the right, the Tories, should have disliked the United States, why the strains, stresses, disillusionments of the Suez episode should have broken the dam through which there poured so much bile.

For the United States, by existing, by being powerful, by imposing a policy, remind the right of a great failure, the inability of the ruling class of the late eighteenth century to accept the facts of life, of the growth in power, wealth, and pride of the so recently infant and impotent colonies. That the right should have unconsciously or at any rate furtively felt their kinship with George III and Lord North was not surprising. For new political phenomena calling for a painful readjustment of institutions and values have always upset a group naturally committed to a view that old ways are best.

## The Revolutionary Experiment

But it is not merely a matter of the awkward intrusion of unwelcome facts, of new and unmanageable and unattractive forces that would justify a permanent suspicion of the United States in British Tory breasts. There is a deeper source of suspicion that has been hidden from us by the anti-American bias of the left reinforced by their, until recently, uncritical and nearly servile adulation of the Russian revolution. The United States, whatever it is now, began life as a revolutionary experiment denying not only the practice but the theory of the old order in Britain. True, in America and outside it attempts have been made to represent the American revolution as basically conservative, as being the politics of Burke carried out in slightly unparliamentary ways. But the makers of the United States saw themselves as makers of a new and better thing, a government based on equality and on popular choice, a *novus ordo seculorum*, a new order of the ages. It was not for nothing that they called their opponents 'Tories', that, in our own day, President Roosevelt called his opponents 'economic royalists'.

The heirs, spiritual and fleshly, of the Tories and royalists of 1776 should and, as we now know, often do resent and distrust the heirs of the men who declared it to be self-evident truth 'that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their creator with certain unalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. . . . That all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed'. These are not self-evident truths to Tories (or to me), but they are the slogans under which the United States was presented to the world. As Lord Acton wrote, they challenged every existing state; they were meant to do so. The Tories of that age did not like these principles and the Tories of today would have to be humbugs or very confused to like them either.

For a long time, the Tories were not deceived. As Dr. Pelling has shown in his admirable book *America and the British Left*\*, the right saw in the United States not a model to be followed, but a horrid example to be avoided, denounced, deprived of its dangerously attractive appeal to the mass of the British people. What in America appealed to the British left in the period down to the turn of the century, appalled and alarmed the right. As a *Times* leader-writer quoted by Dr. Pelling put it: 'Perhaps an American England may produce a higher average of happiness than the existing system, but it would not be a country for a gentleman, and I for one would be quite a stranger in it'. For, hard as it is for us to realise it, in the England of ninety years ago, when this was written, and long after, inequality, not equality, was the national political religion, worshipped, I suspect, more deeply and with less interior doubts and hesitations than is our present goddess, Equality. That candid and friendly and intelligent critic of America, Anthony Trollope, saw this clearly. America was hardly more a possible spiritual home for him than it had been for his mother. But, as he freely admitted, it was a home very attractive to the mass of Englishmen who

would improve their condition by emigrating to the raw, egalitarian, ungentelemanly republic. American social and political ideas and practices were a dangerous model for the English working man to have before his eyes. The success of America, of that 'triumphant democracy' hymned by that expatriated Scots Radical, Andrew Carnegie, was a threat to the old order. It was seen as such and disliked as such by intelligent Tories and by old-fashioned Whigs at least as free from egalitarian sentiment as any Tory.

In 1866, it was natural to think of the party of movement, of democratic advance, as pro-American; it was equally natural to think of the party of order, of slow and gradual change, of a democratic order (since there had to be one) led from above, as being contemptuous of the American achievement and hostile to the American example. There was a change by 1900 and, from that time, it was on the whole the left that was hostile to the United States, to the trusts, to Carnegie as well as Rockefeller. The right now admired as well as feared American business efficiency and ceased to think of the United States as the destined victim of socialism. It even envied that country its powerful and then conservative upper house, its unique and deeply conservative Supreme Court.

Moreover, as the balance of power seemed to shift against Britain, as German rivalry, naval, diplomatic, and economic, threatened the 'easy Zion' in which the late Victorians had been accustomed to live, it was more or less tacitly accepted that it was desirable once again to call in the new world to redress the balance of the old.

Yet the old suspicion, fear, contempt did not die. We find it hard today to remember the passion engendered by 'the Irish question'. The United States was not sound, from a Tory point of view, on Ireland. From the United States came in great part the funds that enabled Parnell to overthrow the English land settlement in Ireland. (Some remembered that it was from Parnell's American mother, not his Irish father, that 'the Chief' got his unflinching hatred of England.) Nor was it enough to write it all off as a mere matter of low politicians flattering the Irish American vote. In private, Americans like Theodore Roosevelt, some of whose best friends were Englishmen, were as critical of English policy in Ireland as mere politicians were in public. The United States which had briefly—in part, I am convinced, under Kipling's influence—flirted with imperialism and acquired a minor empire, soon got tired of its toy. There were no more caustic critics of British policy and performance in South Africa than 'Anglo-Saxon' Americans like Brooks Adams and James McNeil Whistler.

## 'What Is a Biddle?'

Behind all these contreforts there ran, subdued but audible, a theme that was at least as old as President Jefferson's administration. To amend King Charles II's dictum on Presbyterianism, democracy on the American plan was no political religion for a gentleman. It brought to the top ill-born, ill-bred, ill-educated, ill-disposed politicians with whom English gentlemen had reluctantly to deal. This was in part explained by the natural refusal of American 'gentlemen' to go in for politics in a country where they had to compete with plebeian demagogues. This bias was not unimportant in a Tory party which was more confidently 'U', to use the new terminology, than any group dare openly be today. American society was *nouveau riche*—it was illiterate, pushing. The only gentlemanly part of America, the South, had been ruined by the Civil War. The social power of American wealth was resented. As late as 1860, the Prince of Wales, in Philadelphia, had innocently asked 'What is a Biddle?' A few years later Cornelius Vanderbilt had reached the height of his social ambitions in England when he was entertained by the Mayor of Southampton. But his granddaughter became Duchess of Marlborough, for a time, and by the beginning of the century no one asked, certainly not Edward VII, 'What is an Astor?'

Something of what was the new pattern of English snobbery towards the Americans was revealed in Kipling's story 'A Habitation Enforced', which tells of the adjustment of Americans to residence in England.



Kipling, although he married an American, had failed to live in America and there was no subtle balancing in his mind of two cultures in the manner of Henry James. Americans could be civilised by exposure to England as Dr. Johnson thought much could be done with Scots if they were caught young.

The first world war complicated the problem. At first it fed the anti-Americanism of the right as the United States adopted an ostentatious and censorious neutrality. It was not only Wilson's policy that irritated the right. His sympathies, we can too easily forget, were with the Liberals, his British contacts, such as they were with left-slanted academics. He not only failed to do what Tories in their hearts thought his duty, rally to 'the Mother Country' as the Dominions (one almost says the other Dominions) had done, but he lectured his betters and impeded their war effort. With the entry of the United States into the war the case was altered. But Wilson was still suspect as one who would water down the heady wine of victory: the fact that for a time he was the hope, almost the idol, of the left kept him suspect.

More serious than any problems of personality was the shift in the balance of power. No one could fail to notice the American superiority in resources and in freshness of strength. What had been refused to Germany, naval parity, could not be refused to the United States. The irritations caused by the disappointments of peace could all be vented on the Americans, who had made a bad peace and then refused to support it.

The economic policy of the United States, high tariffs, low immigration quotas, ostentatious isolationism, angered and alarmed the right as much as the left. Then the United States, by refusing to ratify the peace settlement, increased world instability. In China (as we are prone to forget) the Americans on the whole backed the rising nationalist forces; whereas Britain then tended to support the declining powers familiar to the 'Old China hands'. And there was plenty of American sympathy for such interesting if anti-British figures as Gandhi and Chiang Kai-shek. Only the elimination of the Irish question as a factor in English and American politics could be counted on the credit side.

Nor was the impact of the American way of life, the movies, jazz, flapper fashions, welcome to lamenters for the good old days. What, in any case, could you make of a country that banned booze and pretended not to notice the results? What could you make of a country that by so mismanaging its vast resources as to produce the crisis of 1929-33, showed how unfit it was to usurp the role of the City of London? The rise of Hitler made for further complications. It provoked in America even more isolationist feeling, written into law, and even more readiness to export moral and political advice. As foreign policy became more and more an issue of party politics at home, foreign advice not supported by aid or action was the more resented, not only by the left.

The second war repeated the history of the first. But the differences were important. The Roosevelt Administration was more openly friendly than the Wilson Administration had been. In the crisis of the summer of 1940, American aid was essential. After Pearl Harbour, leadership

passed to Washington. Imperial disasters, the fall of Singapore, the loss of Burma, threw powers of decision into American hands. On sea and land, America was obviously dominant. If there was a common will to victory, there was no agreement on what victory portended. When Sir Winston Churchill announced that he had not taken office to preside over the liquidation of the Empire, he spoke for more than the right though he certainly spoke for them. But the liquidation came none the less. The role of American pressure in that liquidation was not always stressed—you could always blame the Labour Government—but that pressure was felt. In India, at Abadan, in Egypt, American judgement condemned the old imperial ideal, and by economic pressure helped to make its condemnation effective.

Again, to go back to Kipling, it is 'Padgett M.P.' writ large. Padgett condemned the Empire but he could be snubbed, ignored. But the censorious critic of the old imperial order is now not an underbred radical politician, to be put in his place, but a self-confident, usually maddeningly polite, often synthetic 'U' type, spokesman for a power whose word, when said, goes. It is hard to take and it is taken hardly.

So to the right the old social order, long threatened from the left by the egalitarian or envious bias of socialism, is now threatened by complacent American criticism which must yet be attended to. Not only the English working man, but the English boss has a good deal to learn about the modern world. The English social structure is as big an obstacle to abundance, the Americans think, as the idleness and lack of ambition of the English workman. But to us the comics, the talkies, bebop, their alleged results in teddy boys and adolescent disorder and the rest of the 'American way of life', can all be imputed to the transatlantic barbarians. Again, right and left often agree in deploring the 'rock 'n' roll' character of American foreign policy, in deploring, with a good deal of smug satisfaction, the performances of Senator McCarthy and his consorts. The new leaders of the free world are a poor imitation of the old, wise, gentlemanly rulers.

But far more serious and far more of a breeder of resentment is the realisation—or the fear—that the wheel has turned full circle since 1776, that the power of British independent action is limited everywhere by the need for cajoling or educating or simply following the United States. 'Rule Britannia', 'Land of Hope and Glory' can now only be sung *sotto voce*. Everywhere the Americans are seen as undermining and replacing the British imperial structure. If the political passions of the right have any one emotional base it is national pride; if they have any one theoretical bias, it is for an old, stable, hierarchical order. The power, the social fluidity, the social pretensions, the anti-imperialist, anti-colonial bias of the United States, the feeling that Britain was only one of a set of client states, provoked in the right a resentment that needed an outlet—and made one in the Suez adventure.

That adventure is being painfully liquidated; the realities of power and interest are being reluctantly accepted. And the result? There are few more profoundly Tory maxims than that of Bishop Butler: 'Things and actions are what they are and the consequences of them will be what they will be: why then should we seek to be deceived?'

—Third Programme

## The Chemical Basis of Life—II

# Some Master Plans of Molecular Biology

By W. T. ASTBURY

I HAD half a mind first to call this talk 'The Fabric of Life'. Not so very long ago that phrase, 'the fabric of life', was not much more than a figure of speech, but nowadays it has become a pretty good literal description of the state of affairs at molecular level. For the principal molecules from which biological tissues are constructed are all long and thread-like (often coiled or folded up, it is true, but intrinsically threadlike), and I personally often picture Nature as the great universal textile business, specialising in *molecular* yarns and fabrics. I often say, after spending a large part of my life in this line of research, that the only thing new in textiles is the discovery how extremely old it all is—as old as life, in fact.

The usual scientific name for these long, thread-like molecules is chain-molecules, because in another sense they are more like that, being long chains of smaller units. For instance, in the framework substance of the plants—cellulose—the molecules are long chains of modified

glucose molecules, glucose residues, as they are called. In the proteins, without which nothing biological happens apparently, the molecules are long chains of amino-acid residues. The fats, too, are chain-molecules of another kind. They are comparatively short ones, though, as these things go, and their job, if I may revert for a second to the textile analogy, is often that of standing on end all over a biological membrane like the pile on velvet.

There are two broad ways of ringing the changes, so to speak, on chain-molecules: one by altering the kinds of units and the order in which they follow one another along the chain, and the other by altering the shape or configuration of the chain—having it stretched out, or having it coiled up in some particular manner. If I were asked to suggest, as briefly as possible, what chiefly goes on in the physics and chemistry of life, I would cite immediately these two simple ideas, this 'playing-about' with chain-molecules. This is *the* master



plan; and the beauty and versatility with which Nature has exploited it is fantastic.

As perhaps you will know, we have lately tried our hand at it ourselves in a small way. I refer to the invention and development of synthetic high polymers: plastics, and man-made fibres, and synthetic rubbers. They are all the same story; all part and parcel of the science of chain-molecules: a little homework, you might say, based on lessons learnt first from the biological chain-molecules. How much we have still to learn, though, from even the lowliest of biological tissues!

Classical biology interrelates the manifestations and patterns of life at mostly visual levels, but underlying this large-scale phylogeny there is a corresponding molecular biology—developments and ramifications and combinations at the molecular level which finally issue in the products and forms and activities we perceive in the ordinary way. Here is a striking example of the sort of thing I mean. It is a familiar finding of palaeontology that birds and reptiles are more closely related to each other than they are to mammals. This took some time to establish. A similar conclusion was reached in next to no time when, some twenty-five years ago, X-ray diffraction methods were used to compare the protein molecules from which hairs and feathers are constructed. They were both called keratin in the books, but the X-ray diffraction diagrams turned out to be very different; in fact (something we still have not got to the bottom of) the feather-keratin picture recalled that given by stretched rather than unstretched hair. However, let us leave that for the moment. The great point in the present connection is that a few more diffraction photographs then showed that the feather-keratin kind of diagram was given also by tortoiseshell and snakes' scales; and eventually there on one hand were mammalian hairs, nails, hooves, horn, whalebone, etc. conforming to one kind of molecular pattern, and on the other hand, feathers, beaks and claws of birds, snakes' scales, tortoiseshell, lizards' claws, and so on all conforming to a second kind of molecular pattern; which, in those early days, was an exciting generalisation.

I will digress for a moment to mention what a nice example the feather quill is of a difficult-to-break, two-ply structure. It is a common device in the formation of living tissues to build up sheets and membranes by criss-crossing chain-molecules, or minute fibres and filaments spun from chain-molecules. Sometimes, as in the deeper layers of the skin, the dermis, the arrangement is irregular, while at other times, as in the cellulose balloon which constitutes the cell wall of the alga *Valonia*, or in the cuticle of the earthworm, the alternation of molecule direction is beautifully systematic and a wonder to contemplate. Perhaps I should add, to get these architectural plans in proper perspective, that the chain-molecules we are talking about are not more than one or two ten-millionths of a centimetre thick at most; and that the earthworm cuticle, a kind of stocking in which collagen-type fibrils in successive layers cross at roughly a right angle, corresponds to a textile fabric of about a hundred thousand threads per inch. This is a sensational disclosure when one is hob-nobbing with textile craftsmen; and textile craftsmen are no raw beginners. Their achievements over the centuries, as you know, are something to be proud of.

To pass on to some of the plans governing the make-up of the chosen chain-molecules themselves. Most important are the proteins, without

which, as I have said already, life as we know it does not seem possible. The scheme of the proteins is delightfully simple in principle; indeed, the essential molecular mechanisms of life must have the simplicity of the almost inevitable. About two dozen different kinds of amino-acids suffice for everything, and when a number of them are strung together in a chain, a polypeptide chain as it is called, the result is a long main-chain, or backbone, to which are attached many side-chains. The backbone is always the same, but the kinds of side-chains used, and the order in which they follow one another, vary from protein to protein. What it all comes to, when one invokes also the idea of chain-folding, plus occasional co-operation from certain accessory molecules, is that innumerable combinations of chemical activity—'molecular fields'—can be built up, modified, and remodelled again and again out of a ridiculously limited variety of resources. The biological catalysts we call enzymes, those ubiquitous and indispensable helpers-along, those controllers of the directions in

which biochemical reactions are required to proceed, are all wholly or partly proteins, so far as we can tell.

In spite of this simplicity in principle, the proteins are shockingly difficult to work out in detail and present the most forbidding analytical task there is: I mean, for each type of polypeptide chain, to identify and locate every amino-acid residue—and there may be hundreds or even thousands of them—and then on top of that to find out the configuration of the chain. All these factors count in defining just what a protein will do in given circumstances, and it is generally enough merely to disarrange the folds of the chains to ruin everything—to 'denature' the protein.

So far, it is only with the fibrous proteins that any broad advance has

been made. They, in the light of X-ray diffraction and associated studies, have provided a pleasant and most encouraging surprise. Far from there being no end of fibrous structures, all different, as had been feared, it transpired that, with regard to chain-configuration at least, there were in reality only two main families—two master plans for them all, or nearly all. It started with wool, in a textile research between the wars, and it was in wool, and related keratinous tissues, that the folding of polypeptide chains was first demonstrated. More than that, it was discovered that the remarkable long-range elasticity of mammalian hairs is due simply to the intra-molecular folds being pulled out straight when a stretching force is applied, only to re-form when the fibre is let go again. The hair protein, keratin, is a molecular spring, with a total range of extensibility of something like 300 per cent. Incidentally, the same series of investigations first explained how the permanent wave works. Briefly, in this and similar setting and creasing operations, the idea is to prevent such keratin chains as have been unfolded by the bending process from re-folding and so shortening again.

In due course it was seen that the molecular plan of the mammalian keratins held also for the fibrous proteins of the outer layers of the skin, the epidermis, for myosin and other proteins in muscle, for the blood-clotting proteins, fibrinogen and fibrin, and—most recent and most thrilling of all—for the protein from which the flagella of bacteria are constructed. Through all these runs the unifying idea of stretchability and contractility, elasticity and motility, based on the lengthening and shortening, the unfolding and folding, of polypeptide chains; and when we come to the whiplike appendages—the flagella—by which bacteria



Two fabrics, one man-made and the other biological, pictured at roughly the same apparent dimensions, though actually in the handkerchief (left) there are only eighty threads per inch, whereas in the earthworm's cuticle (right), a photograph taken in an electron microscope, there are about 100,000 per inch



propel themselves, we are down at a kind of muscle machine stripped to its bare essentials. Bacterial flagella are effectively mono-molecular hairs or muscles; it does not matter a great deal which we call them at this ultimate level of classification. They are single protein molecules endowed with powers of rhythmic change of form. The flagella of *Proteus*, for instance, are of a thickness of about one-millionth of a centimetre and they transmit continuous left-handed spiral waves of pitch of about one five-thousandth of a centimetre.

### A Spermatozoon A-Lashing of its Tail

I could hold forth at some length on flagella, bacterial and otherwise. I find them immensely intriguing. In such small compass they hold the key to so much, especially the molecular mechanics of biological motility, including the 'peculiarly vital' question of how spermatozoa, the male germ cells, swim. These cells carry in their heads, in a molecular code I shall be talking about shortly, the male contribution to the pattern of life, but they swim by means of the most cunning little molecular engine in their tails—their flagella. A spermatozoon is a worthy object of study in any posture, but, like Ko-Ko's tiger in 'The Mikado', 'especially when lashing of its tail'.

The other great family of fibrous proteins is the collagen group, named after the classical collagen of tendons and white connective tissue fibres, but known now to include, in this second master plan, such unlikely partners as the scales and fins of fishes, the cuticle of the earthworm, jellyfish, the ichthyocol of swim-bladders, the threads ejected by the sea-cucumber, cartilage, the cornea of the eye, etc., etc., and, I should add, the derived protein gelatin. The configuration of the collagen chains is distinctly different from that of the keratin-myosin group, and though they stretch a little on pulling, they do not unfold like the others to show long-range elastic effects. Roughly speaking, they stand for tissues in which the individual fibres or fibrils are required *not* to give under stress, whereas with the fibres of the keratin-myosin group it is the other way round.

I shall not say much more here of the fascinating story of the collagen group, but do not think on that account its importance is somehow secondary. On the contrary, collagen can be a painfully important subject, as countless sufferers from the rheumatic diseases and the aches and pains of old age will testify. In some respects, fundamental studies of normal and pathological collagen and related fibres constitute one of the most worth while and urgent tasks of our time. It is no small thing to be, as the collagen fibres are, the raw material of the ancient art and modern applied science of leather-making, but that is nothing compared with being also the raw material, as it were, of rheumatoid arthritis and immemorial scourges of that sort, which we still know little more about than that they tend to wreak themselves on the connective tissue system. However, it is a great fillip to have caught a glimpse at last—only recently—of what the collagen chain-molecule is like. It is indispensable to know that; and, let me indicate again, in this quest for the structure of biological molecules, chemical, physical, biological, medical, technological, and what-have-you, researches are all united in one grand alliance: news about wool and plastics is indirect news about muscle, and a deeper understanding of leather automatically tells us more about ourselves.

### Unknown Beginning to Unknown Future

I would like to conclude with a few words about biogenesis and biosynthesis—how these wonder-molecules 'got like that'. We do not know how they started, but clearly they have become what they are now by virtue of a long, long process of picking and choosing and combining and perpetuating innumerable co-operative and harmonised properties which, like peace, are single and indivisible. One thing leads to another, and it all traces back to an unknown beginning 1,000,000,000 years ago, and advances into an unknown future. From this viewpoint it seems highly improbable that any independent synthesis of significance will ever be achieved in the laboratory, though one keeps on trying, and certainly there have been some astonishing revelations lately.

The central problem is this business of handing on the patterns of life: the question of how these enormously complex molecules are reproduced with such facility. We see it at its most obvious in the multiplication of viruses, many of which are nothing more than single nucleoprotein molecules with the capacity of duplicating themselves indefinitely once they find themselves in living cells that are somehow specially congenial to them. You will notice that I said 'nucleoprotein' molecules this time, because it is now established that the

chief collaborators with the proteins are the nucleic acids. The nucleic acids are also chain-molecules—long spiral chains, like twisted rope-ladders, of units called nucleotides. There are two kinds of nucleic acids: ribonucleic acids, which are identified as incorporating the sugar, ribose, and deoxyribonucleic acids, in which the sugar is ribose minus an oxygen atom. Other components are phosphoric groups and certain organic bases—amazingly few kinds of the latter, too; but, as with the proteins, their permutations and combinations suffice when they are arranged in the proportions and order required.

Required for what? you may ask. That is the point; and the answer that is beginning to emerge is enthralling. It would appear that the nucleic acid chain has the properties of an information strip, a punched card, or programme-in-code such as we might use to set going and guide a computing machine or other complicated automatic apparatus. For example, the invading virus, which is mostly or all nucleoprotein, hands out this bit of instructions to the host cell, and provided it is the right kind of host cell (has components available that are particularly suitable) its resources are then mustered to copy the intruder again and again and again. The way certain insect viruses, for instance, thus expropriate the bodies of their victims is something to remember.

In general, it looks as if the ribonucleic acids are concerned more with the biosynthetic process in action, while the deoxyribonucleic acids, associated as they are almost exclusively with the cell nucleus and the mechanism of heredity, serve more the purpose of a molecular memory. I said that the swimming spermatozoon carries its instructions in its head: I can add now that they are written in a cipher that seems to run along lengths of deoxyribonucleic acid.

The general impression is of a sort of super jigsaw factory dominated largely by what I once called 'viable nucleoprotein complexes'. In them, because of their special make-up, is vested a power of replication, in all sorts of situations, for good or ill. When everything is running harmoniously we do not notice them, but when an irresponsible overseer or intruder takes charge, we may call it a virus disease, or perhaps even cancer.—*Third Programme*

## Swedenborg's Skull

Note this survivor, bearing the mark of the violator,  
Yet still a vessel of uninterrupted calm.  
Its converse is ended. They beat on the door of his coffin,  
But they could not shake or destroy that interior psalm  
Intended for God alone, for his sole Creator.  
For gold they broke into his tomb.

The mark of the pick is upon him, that rough intrusion  
Upon the threshold and still place of his soul.  
With courtesy he received them. They stopped, astonished,  
Where the senses had vanished, to see the dignified skull  
Discoursing alone, entertaining those guests of his vision  
Whose wit made the axe-edge dull.

Here the brain flashed its fugitive lightning, its secret appraising,  
Where marble, settled in utmost composure, appears.  
Here the heirs of the heavens were disposed in symmetrical orders  
And a flash of perception transfigured the darkness of years.  
The mark of a membrane is linked with those traffickers grazing  
Its province of princes and spheres.

Where the robbers looked, meditations disputed the legacy  
Of the dreaming mind, and the rungs of their commonplace crime  
Gave way to swift places of angels, caught up in division  
From the man upon earth; but his patience now played like a mime,  
And they could not break down or interpret the skull in its privacy  
Or take him away from his time.

So I see it today, the inscrutable mask of conception  
Arrested in death. Hard, slender and grey, it transcends  
The enquiring senses, even as a shell toiling inward,  
Caught up from the waters of change by a traveller who bends  
His piercing scrutiny, yields but a surface deception,  
Still guarding the peace it defends.

VERNON WATKINS



# The Task of the Secondary Modern School

By EDWARD BLISHEN

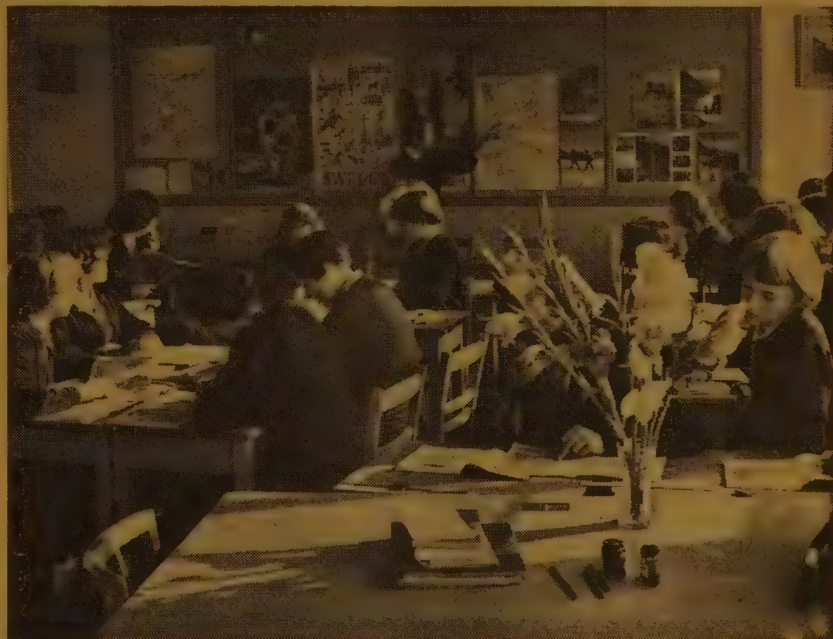
I HAVE been teaching in secondary modern schools for seven years: I should say that I have been something like a secondary modern school teacher for the last three of those years. I do not mean that I was not trying to teach in the first four years: I was trying very hard. I do mean, however, that it is not easy for a teacher, in this relatively early phase of secondary modern education, to discover for himself exactly what he ought to be doing.

To begin with, my own education, like that of most teachers, was academic. I had a clear idea of what ought to happen in a classroom. It was the business of the teacher to lay down principles and then to see that they were applied by the children. Education was expository. When this approach—the approach I had been accustomed to myself as a school-child—proved unsuccessful, I blamed the children. It was not that I had been badly trained as a teacher: but that I believed my own memories (as I suspect often happens) rather than my tutors' admonitions. Only very slowly did I become aware that my methods were hopelessly unsuitable, and I think this awareness did not arise as a result of thinking about the way in which I taught. It was brought about by a gradual discovery that the children were not what I had thought them. They were, of course, infinitely various. There was the bright child who had missed going to the grammar school because of early ill-health; there was the child, coming from a family that had no great patience with education, who was hardly a child at all, seeming already a fully grown labourer, among us by mistake; there was the average eager boy, and the not so common acutely dull one, and the immensely difficult boy who had picked up at home a habit of solving all his dilemmas by acts of violence.

But, with all these differences, they had in common a distaste for that analytical and generalising approach to life that is typical of the person who has been educated academically. This may seem a commonplace: but it is a commonplace that my colleagues and I are reminded of vividly and urgently every day: it is a commonplace to which many young teachers in the secondary modern schools take a long time to adjust themselves. It is not something you assimilate simply by seeing that it is so. For most teachers it entails the slow business of coming to understand intimately a way of life different from their own. The teacher is not very extraordinary, the child is not very ordinary (indeed, in other than the

special sense in which we are using the words, it may be the other way round); but there is likely to be a gulf between their mental habits.

I have dwelt upon this because it is something that looms much larger in the secondary modern school than the outsider might imagine. It loomed, I am sure, far less large in the old elementary school: and that because the aim of the teaching was much less ambitious, and



Geography lesson at a secondary modern school for girls—

because the gulfs in society were far sharper. For better or worse, we worry now in the secondary modern school at the problem of providing a certain amount of common ground between our two nations. We are not happy that there should still be hostility and acute misunderstanding when, in the persons of the young teacher and the secondary modern child, the two nations meet. And if I were asked to state very simply how I see the task of the secondary modern school, I should say that I see it as a struggle to reduce that misunderstanding.

I have taught at a school where, at one time, hostility or apathy towards the reading of books was a general sentiment among the children. I have seen the effect on that school of the establishment there of a generous library. After a few years, the children had become readers in, fundamentally the same sense that the children in the grammar school round the corner were readers. A gulf in cultural habits had been bridged. There remained a difference in the depth of the habit: but that is unimportant. I am not suggesting that it is the function of the secondary modern school to make its children exactly like those in the grammar and technical schools. That could not be its function. But I am certain that the work of the secondary modern school must be directed towards closing, not inevitable gaps in ability and interests, but those gaps of habit across which our two nations have gazed at each other in fundamental incomprehension of each other's way of life.

The desire to bridge these gaps, as it happens, works in with what I have found to be the most fruitful approach to teaching the secondary modern school. What most of these schools are struggling to achieve, often in the face of great difficulties, are an atmosphere and a teaching which shall give the children a sense of the value and excitement of education as the source of an attitude to life. Among the obstacles to doing this is an animus against schooling that in many secondary modern children is very strong and real. In part this is a social matter: there are sections of our population to whom education has always had a



—and an experiment in the chemistry laboratory at a secondary modern school for boys

Photographs: Henry Grant



perfunctory and rather ungracious meaning. This animus means often that one must spend much of one's time making certain children forget they are in school: reminding them of it only when oblivion seems to have done its work. The need to disarm this distrust of school, like the desire to bridge gaps between habits and outlooks, drives the secondary modern teacher increasingly in the direction of informality. I have found that one is bound to become less and less the conventional pedagogue, more and more the relaxed informant, guide, and provider. I think it is true of most secondary modern schools that they are slowly evolving a school atmosphere quite unlike the monastic, clerkish, and special atmosphere, once typical of schools of all kinds.

### The Happy School

The unhappy secondary modern school today is likely to be that which has clung to the old, shut-in, near-medieval classroom convention, while the happy one is the school that is bursting out of its classrooms, that in fact has geography rooms and libraries and history rooms and rooms with unconventional seating arrangements where reading is done or discussions take place. The old type of state school usually expressed the aims of that school—abstract, indifferent to surroundings except in so far as they delivered the student from sensual distractions. This was never a useful pattern for the secondary modern school. For here the aim must be to provide only as much formality as is good for any growing child: for the rest there has to be (as in the teaching there has to be) a sense that schooling is not a process separate and formal and rather enclosed. School is a place to which one comes to learn about life and to consider it and to acquire ways of dealing with it: but it must not be a place that is in any way sealed off from life.

How specifically does this need for informality affect one's teaching, and one's daily relationship with the children? It means, in my experience, that though one must have a firm idea of what basically one needs to do and to help the children to do, one must always be ready to digress, to take advantage of the enthusiasms of the moment. And the material of teaching must be taken, if possible, from immediate sources. In my own subject—English—this means that we talk and write about the films we see, the football matches we attend, even about a certain boy's taste in sweaters (personal curiosities in a happy class being unhurtful). This may seem trivial material: but, what is more important, it is honest material; and it is my view that the secondary modern school must, at all costs, show that education is concerned with the honest everyday stuff of existence. Ordinary daily incidents are looked at in an atmosphere that, though informal, is still a school atmosphere: that is, an atmosphere of study that is known to be, however unobtrusively, controlled and purposeful. We talk and write at large, but the teacher's underlying aim is always to suggest that talking and writing are meant to have issues, and that those issues ought to be reasonable. In this way, slowly, life and school become knitted together; a class becomes a group of people, the teacher being its discreet controller, who are in the habit of bringing their experiences to school with them and examining them there together. I cannot over-stress the importance of this to the secondary modern school child. It means that even more depends on the teacher than in a more formal school, since success or failure is likely to lie in the quality of his opportunism. If he is not really alive himself, failure can be cataclysmic.

His relationship with individual children becomes extremely important. Many of these children come from unsatisfactory homes: homes where leisure is ill-organised, where the importance of attempting to resolve differences of opinion by rational argument is not understood, where a child in a difficulty cannot be sure of reliable guidance. Homes like these are not peculiar to secondary modern school children: but the plain probability is that more secondary modern school children than grammar or technical school children have homes of this kind. The teacher is unlikely to be able to maintain those barriers that are commonly found between pedagogue and pupil in other schools. He is bound to find that being a teacher often means being something of a parent, too. I think that, apart from this necessity, the secondary modern teacher is always likely to be more informal in his contacts with his children than are his colleagues in the grammar or technical schools. He does not gaze at his pupils from the other side of an all-important subject. If his school is truly a secondary modern school, he is drawn into the life of his pupils, just as he draws their lives into his teaching.

The question what that teaching is and what it should be is answered in many different ways. The schools have a common concern that a child should be able to write and read and calculate satisfactorily: but beyond this there is great divergence of opinion and practice. I

sense from my own experience that the general drift is towards a more fluid notion of the curriculum. As an example: I have taught history to secondary modern children only to find that, as a separate study, it has lost much of its virtue. My history lessons slipped into my English lessons: and both profited: for now neither was merely English nor merely history. This merging of subjects seems to me both inevitable and desirable. One is attempting, in what is at present usually a brief school life, to produce, not specialists, but people who, having acquired their basic skills, shall have seen as much as possible of the living relationship between many kinds of skill and knowledge. At the same time one is driven in this direction by the distaste of most secondary modern children for the specialist rut.

As to what ought to be the curriculum of the secondary modern school, I believe that an imaginative grouping and interweaving of studies is essential. History and geography might well be brought together, becoming a single study of man and his environment: there should be a kind of science teaching that aims rather at communicating some sense of the nature of scientific method than at giving instruction in a particular branch of science: there should be a little knot of practical subjects: and I would make another group of art, music, and drama. A curriculum like this, based on and permeated by the study of language and number, would constitute a simple introduction to the main varieties of human enterprise and to the relations between them.

The teacher's chief difficulty may be that, however successfully he has communicated to the children his own interest in life, his own regard and appetite for correct knowledge, he may find them longing to have their work assessed as the work of grammar or technical school children is assessed: by the passing of an examination or the gaining of a certificate. More than one boy I have taught has said: 'You seem to need the G.C.E. for everything, sir'. In this complaint there was no animus against the General Certificate of Education itself, only a wistful distress because the secondary modern school has nothing comparable to offer by way of a mark of reasonable education. When I think of the bulk of the children I have taught, it most certainly does not seem to me that the present G.C.E., for which a number of secondary modern schools now enter a class, is the answer to this problem.

What I should like to see is some flexible test of achievement that is spread over a longish period: something that might save us from the present rather flat petering out of schooling. In his last term at school a child might be given a body of work that sprang out of the school's own course of study, and that was on a theme, or of a nature, decided by consultation between the child and its teachers. One would have to watch closely that such tests remained individual and flexible; and one would have to secure for them a general agreement that a child's own teachers are as likely as some remote examiner to make an impartial and meaningful assessment.

### Individual Enthusiasms

There is just a possibility that this might help in another of the more difficult tasks of the secondary modern school: which is to persuade its children to continue their education in some way or other after they have left school. It might be that the possession of a certificate would make education real to a child in a sense in which, at the distractable age of fifteen, it seems rather unreal. My own attempt at a solution to this problem has been to try to encourage in a child about to leave school some enthusiasm that is a little gloriously out of line with the subjects taken in the school curriculum and that cannot be carried very far without some kind of after-school study. For example, we teach no foreign languages at my school: but there are always boys who become curious about French or German and who desire, legitimately, to cut a dash by studying them. Or there is the child, cleverer at mathematics than most of his fellows, who discovers at the back of his textbook the tables that would terrify the rest of the class: and who is ready to set out alone to conquer trigonometry. It is often the glory of being alone that fires these enthusiasms: and the teacher, I think, is wise to nourish all such innocent notions of splendour.

Though probably there are objections to any age as a school leaving age, it is my experience that fifteen is peculiarly awkward. Many secondary modern school children, who seem to mature faster than their friends in the grammar and technical schools, have passed at fifteen through the first wild stage of adolescence, and are beginning to develop some sober feeling for the future. At the moment when they are ready for conscious schooling—when, indeed, they become aware for the first time of the purpose of schooling—they are snatched away. Some secondary modern schools have had considerable success in persuading



children to stay after their fifteenth birthday. This success is a matter largely of districts: there are many districts where the tradition that one gets out to work as soon as possible is too strong to be resisted. Certainly it is a great difficulty in many secondary modern schools that schooling tends to end at a restless moment: that sober seniors are hard to find.

I sometimes wonder if the size and quality of the task the secondary modern school has set itself is generally understood. In one way it can be, and ought to be, an instrument by which we raise the spiritually depressed sections of our population. There are enormous spiritual slums in England just as there are enormous physical slums: a raw teacher meeting secondary modern school children for the first time in some of our urban schools has this made brutally plain to him. It is that teacher himself—the secondary modern school teacher of the future, having learned to modify the narrower mannerisms he acquired from his own formal education, relaxed, friendly, and infinitely ready to experiment in his methods of teaching—who may well be the main

means of clearing away those spiritual slums. He will need help during his training, which ought to give him not only a realistic picture of the secondary modern school but an exciting vision of its purpose. It is encouraging, in this respect, to note that Mr. Harold Loukes and his colleagues have recently sallied forth from the fastness of the Oxford University Department of Education and have taken a sharp and, one gathers, rather surprised look at the secondary modern schools. One hopes that such refreshing ventures will become more common. The school's other task is the task of evolving a genuine, more than elementary, education for the ordinary child, of a kind that will give that child satisfaction and a sense of dignity, that will close no doors, that will enable us at last to say that we have matched our democratic philosophy of the state with a truly democratic system of education.

These are the tasks, and it is with some excitement that the work-a-day teacher, amid all his current difficulties, at a moment when this new kind of education is still raw and unshaped, looks forward to the triumphs that the next quarter of a century should offer him.

—Third Programme

## Leda and St. Anne

By IAIN FLETCHER

YEATS begins his *Oxford Book of Modern Verse* with a piece of prose rearranged as free verse, Pater's famous passage about the Mona Lisa, with its allusions to Leonardo's other ambiguous faces, his lost Leda, his St. Anne:

She is older than the rocks among which she sits;  
Like the Vampire,  
She has been dead many times,  
And learned the secrets of the grave;  
And has been a diver in deep seas,  
And keeps their fallen day about her;  
And trafficked for strange webs with Eastern merchants;  
And, as Leda,  
Was the mother of Helen of Troy,  
And, as St. Anne,  
Was the mother of Mary;  
And all this has been to her but as the sound of lyres and flutes,  
And lives  
Only in the delicacy  
With which it has moulded the changing  
lineaments,  
And tinged the eyelids and the hands.

'Only by printing it in *vers libre*', Yeats writes in his introduction, 'can one show its revolutionary importance. Pater was accustomed to give each sentence a separate page of manuscript, isolating and analysing its rhythm'. And later on, about the meaning of the passage, he says:

I recall Pater's description of the Mona Lisa; had the individual soul of da Vinci's sitter gone down with the pearl divers or trafficked for strange webs? or did Pater foreshadow a poetry, a philosophy where the individual is nothing, the flux of the *Cantos* of Ezra Pound, objects without contour . . . Somewhere in the middle of it all, da Vinci's sitter had private reality like that of the Dark Lady among the women Shakespeare had imagined, but because that private soul is always behind our knowledge, though always hidden, it must be the sole source of pain, stupefaction, evil.

A sentence about Pound, of Yeats', is also very relevant to this passage from Pater:

Can impressions that are in part visual, in part metrical, be related like the notes of a symphony; has the author been carried away beyond reason by a theoretical conception?

Chronologically, this passage of Pater's seems an intruder into Yeats' anthology. Pater's essay on Leonardo was written in

1869, and for Yeats modern poetry began in 1892 when the first *Book of the Rhymers' Club* was published and when 'the tragic generation' of poets of the eighteen-nineties, Johnson, Dowson, and others, first found a hearing. Yeats' explanation of all this, parts of which I have quoted, is richly obscure. What I think he is getting at is this: technically, the Mona Lisa passage has revolutionary importance for him because the form—and the form is, intrinsically, the projection of a symbolic image—arises out of rhythm, in a way in which no mechanically imposed metrical form could hope to do. But the Mona Lisa is also in the anthology because Pater has not allowed the ominous and preternatural force of the image he has conjured up to disrupt his control over that image as an artist. Such a tension between a religious dread of the poetic image, as something preternaturally 'given', and the artistic need to make the image fit into a pattern was at the heart of Yeats' own achievement and Pater himself, in the Leonardo essay, has already clearly made this point: 'As often happens with works in which invention seems to reach its limit', he said, 'there is an element in it given to, not invented by, the master'.

The Pater passage, in fact, is in Yeats' anthology for three reasons. It is, in a sense, the first modern poem; it grasps an aspect of reality, a convergence of forces, by a quite other method than that of discursive reason—in a sense, Pater's symbolic image has established, prophetically, a truth above reason, a truth which, when Pater wrote, was not yet in the realm of historical fact. In the passage, also, Pater exemplifies his own ideal of the complete fusion of matter and form; he expressed this most clearly in the essay on style: or one might refer to the hackneyed phrase in the Giorgione essay about all art aspiring to the condition of music, in which form and matter make a single new element, so that the image does not mean, but is. The wavering contours of Pater's rhythm, as we read the words on the page, assist us in following the contours of the image preternaturally 'given' to Pater and projected on to Leonardo's actual picture: the sinister, smiling paradox or enigma it took three centuries to recognise. Thus, to Yeats, the Mona Lisa passage is not merely the first modern symbolist poem, announcing the modern world, but is also a predictive image, announcing the modern world's end.

Let me first deal with the Mona Lisa's annunciatory, or rather pre-annunciatory,



Leonardo da Vinci's 'Mona Lisa'



role. This can be seen in her dominating quality over Yeats' whole 'tragic generation': the suggestion of temptation and withdrawal. The eighteen-eighties and eighteen-nineties, or the aspects of that period that interested Yeats, were haunted by such images as the sphinx and her offspring, 'lion bodies with the head of a man', as Yeats puts it in 'The Second Coming'. And again by the image of a dancing Salome with mask-like features who suggested the horror and the sacrifice that must be accepted if the revealing image is to be evoked: in a sense, John the Baptist's head is the poet as doomed prophet. The worship of muscular power, the exaltation of brute flesh, was to renew the energies of civilisation: as in Nietzsche, who is described by Yeats in 'A Vision' as 'almost belonging to the next phase', to the age succeeding his own. I am sure that the Mona Lisa had, for Yeats, this further significance of portending collapse. As he puts it in 'The Tragic Generation' section of the *Autobiography*:

After Stéphane Mallarmé, after Paul Verlaine, after Gustave Moreau, after Puvis de Chavannes, after all our subtle colour and nervous rhythm, after the faint mixed tints of Condor, what more is possible? After us, the Savage God.

And Pater's name should really precede this list of elegant Jeremiahs.

### Aesthetic Myth of 'Alienation'

The conditions which caused Yeats to interpret Pater's image as pre-annunciatory, as the seed of a new mythology, are still with us. All the more significant poets of the modern age—Yeats himself, Eliot, Pound, Wallace Stevens, Robert Graves—seem to me to stand in the same tradition, to share the same aesthetic hypothesis that the poetic image, or image-symbol, has become disastrously disjoined from society. Myth, man's religious and poetic activity, and fact, abstract knowledge or man's practical world view, drawing further and further apart. One can compare this aesthetic myth (crystallised in Eliot's famous and recently much-shot-at phrase about 'the dissociation of sensibility') with the Marxist myth of the 'alienation' of man, unable to achieve wholeness in a capitalist society.

The nature of this myth of 'alienation' or 'dissociation of sensibility' was recently examined by Mr. Frank Kermode in two broadcast talks\*. He shows how a common doctrine of the image unites those writers of the nineteenth century who in a broad sense can be called symbolists—Blake, Baudelaire, Pater, for instance—the writers who can, in fact, be thought of as sharing Pater's conception in *Marius the Epicurean* of 'the will as vision'—with the innovating modernists, so-called, of the early part of this century, Joyce, Eliot, Pound, Hulme, Wyndham Lewis. The image for a poet like Blake, say, is perfect, organic, yet in a sense out of life, because transcending life: it does not belong to 'the vegetative universe'. Each successive generation of artists refined upon the myth: in Pater's liturgical, almost hypnotic rhythm we can sense the earlier passive magical status, almost sacrilegiously embodied for contemplation. In writers like Pound and Wyndham Lewis the image loses its magical sanction, becomes *dynamic*. Wyndham Lewis' idea of the vortex is something which, apparently still, is held together by a whirl of forces. Eliot seems to have more the older idea of the image,

I am moved by fancies that are curled  
Around these images, and cling:  
The notion of some infinitely gentle  
Infinitely suffering thing.

Another example is Yeats' own early notion of the image of *Rosa Mystica* descending and suffering among men. The early rose poems of Yeats are in fact full of apocalyptic imagery pointing forward to his three great poems, 'Leda and the Swan', 'The Mother of God', and 'The Second Coming', on the themes of annunciation and incarnation.

What price had to be paid for this almost religious cult of the image?—it was a private religion with Yeats. Isolation and estrangement of the artist was the common price paid as society, deprived of the image, turned more and more to abstract knowledge and a practical world-view, to irreligious, unpoetic pragmatic values. Moreover, the habit of projecting upon the past, or sometimes on the future, an imaginary period when the image was not dissociated or would no longer be so, led to an obsession with such ideas as Annunciation and Incarnation as conditions for man, of 'unity of being'. From such an obsession, it was not a long step—the idea is already familiar to Pater and to Nietzsche—to looking for a cyclical pattern in history. Only Incarnation can be seen as violently drawing together myth and fact. You may ask: what relevance have such far-fetched and abstruse notions, as they may seem, to the present condition of poetry? The answer is that, con-

sciously or unconsciously, willingly or unwillingly, the better poets of this century are still dominated by this aesthetic myth and so are we when we surrender ourselves to the full impact of their poetry. The power of the image, or image-symbol, its power and inscrutability, is still devouring. In Yeats' own phrase the Mona Lisa, in Pater's version of her, had 'a domination so great that all over Europe from that day to this men shrink from Leonardo's masterpiece as from an over-flattered woman'. Men recognise this dominance even negatively. The young man who recently attempted to damage the Louvre picture recognised the degree to which images that obsess us also make us suffer. She promises more than she can perform; she has promised Incarnation, but the Savage God refuses to be born: Eliot is bitter about her, has no illusion:

Here is Belladonna, the Lady of the Rocks,  
The lady of situations.

Eliot knows she is sterile: she creates false situations.

Yeats attempts to escape from this dilemma by posing a question in his introduction to *The Oxford Book*, and with his usual rhetoric of qualification. He asks, in fact, whether it is the individual woman or the shadow of the goddess—the *anima* projection—that Pater is writing about. Which, he asks, the actual individual person or the myth, brought up pearls from the sea and foreshadowed the flux of Pound's *Cantos*? He insists that at least there was an individual woman and that her smile has ripened in history and not only out of time. In the first edition of 'The Vision' there is a section on Eliot, Pound, and Lewis as exemplifying the 'despairing recovery of myth'. He omits it from the second version of 1937, but here is part of it:

It is as though myth and fact, united until the exhaustion of the Renaissance, have now fallen so far apart that man understands for the first time the rigidity of fact and calls up by that very recognition the Mask which now but gropes its way out of the mind's dark but will shortly pursue and terrify.

The Renaissance, for Yeats, was a period in which the work of art springs from society, not from the individual, though there is no suppression of individuality since the work proceeds from 'unified' being. Thus to Vasari, the Mona Lisa was merely the wonderfully naturalistic representation of a woman of thirty. Yeats recognises, by separating woman and goddess, that in Pater there is a fusion of two romantic traditions. Since the Renaissance, the Mona Lisa's smile has acquired first mystery and then menace; she has gradually become an anti-theoretical or subjective image. The early romantics saw Leonardo as the victim of the images he created, images of an obsessive ideal of beauty embodied in all his women's faces, his lost Leda, his Madonnas, and the Gioconda. This is not enough for Pater, he is scrupulously tied down by what he calls 'express historical testimony to the contrary': he knows that Leonardo was not himself a romantic or proto-romantic. On the other hand, he cannot resist seeing the Mona Lisa as the *femme fatale* who transcends history and who is reincarnated at moments of historical crisis. Leonardo to Pater appears not as a victim but as an oracle, poised at the Renaissance, calmly controlling the image; though Pater recognises that even in Leonardo there is a conflict between technical curiosity and the subjective preparation of the self to receive the image.

### Pater and the Renaissance

Did Pater really know what his own image of Leonardo's image portended, or would he have raised his bristly eyebrows when he read Yeats' preface? I do not think there would have been a flicker. Pater's studies in the Renaissance, studies essentially in what Yeats called 'unity of being' were intended, consciously, as the prolegomenon to a new age. He saw the Renaissance as the momentary marriage of medieval Faust and pagan Helen, with an offspring of heroic individuality. In fact, in his eyes, the Renaissance was a moment from which civilisation must decline. Criticism would have to succeed creation, and knowledge and power would have to drift farther and farther apart. Pater, like Yeats, found that history could not contain his dream, those ideal types of life and art in the Renaissance. The trouble with these ideal types of the Renaissance, in fact, was that they had been actual human beings. So he turned away from biography to myth to those imaginary portraits where Brother Apollyon and Denis of Auxerre, Apollo and Dionysus, become images, or image-symbols, of the renewal of civilisation by violence. In fact, Lady Lisa's images of annunciation are followed by images of disastrous incarnation, fallen deities and savage gods. Pater's own attitude towards the conflict within himself between Dionysus—in Yeats' terms the subjective saviour—

\* 'A Myth of Catastrophe': THE LISTENER, November 8 and 15, 1956. Mr. Fletcher writes: 'For the assumptions concerning symbolic images, and for certain relationships between nineteenth-century and twentieth-century poetry, I am indebted to Mr. Frank Kermode's forthcoming book *Romantic Image* (Routledge, Kegan Paul)'



and Apollo, the symbol of objective order, is difficult to define. One can only say he saw both gods as cruel and seductive; and one was liable to be torn in pieces between the two.

How, then, would Yeats at various periods in his life gloss this passage with which he grew up? How many more layers of meaning might the older Yeats have continued to discover in it? Leda and Mary, as symbols of annunciation, of the incarnation of love and strife—that heroic poetry for which civilisation *may* be well lost—recur throughout his work. I have said that the relation of the Mona Lisa passage to the whole of Pater's book is, in fact, fugal. It gathers together, within its separate images, the whole of that human experience which the Mona Lisa is meant to embody.

'Like the Vampire, she has been dead many times'. The vampires have already been mentioned in the account of Leonardo's suppositious Medusa. The deep seas recall an earlier description of Mona Lisa in her chair set 'as in some faint light under sea'. And she keeps the fallen day of fallen gods about her. The trafficking with strange webs represents the historical Mona Lisa haggling with merchants in her husband's house; but also that transaction blazes up into the union of

the two wisdoms, the Council of Florence which in 1438 discussed the possibility of a union between the western and eastern Christian Churches. Pater had mentioned the Council before, in his essay on Pico della Mirandola. The transaction would have to be fruitless; Pater like Yeats saw the relation of East and West as antithetical; when one is in sunlight the other must be in shade. It is amusing to see, Yeats says somewhere, that when Phidias rose Persia fell. The strange webs—though such a pun would not have been to Pater's taste—cast, like a shadow, a faint intimation, and reminiscence, of the descending swan. But the swan will not descend. History, as Yeats might have put it, must stagger through further phases of abstraction. No wonder the Gioconda's eyelids are a little weary with protracted labour. Her son, cradled within the hyacinth-coloured egg of love and war, has not yet come to his epiphany. We are perhaps foolish to wait for it. For in the new subjective incarnation, the savage god, Dionysus, the 'rough beast', must be reborn within us. Has he, perhaps, in the violence of recent history, been born within us? And in our revulsion from that violence, has he perhaps died? Or is the violence still there, but not the unifying power?—*Third Programme*

## Was There an Industrial Revolution?

By H. L. BEALES

**H**ISTORY is an embarrassing study. No sooner is some generalisation fairly established than a new twist of research plants uncertainty where certainty stood before. We used to know what the Industrial Revolution was and when it took place, but do we know now? Admittedly the term lingers on. Yet, for thirty years or more, scholars have been vocal about their dissatisfaction with it. It would be pedantic, it is alleged, to abandon it: equally it is pedantic not to. The author of the most massive economic history of modern Britain began his history at 1820, with wide retrospects of course; he did not employ the term 'revolution' at all, but no one has ever ventured to call Sir John Clapham a pedant. There is, no doubt, a pedagogic usefulness in retaining it. But is there more than that?

The Industrial Revolution was the term normally used for the first historical phase of industrialisation, the industrialisation of Britain in the reign of George III. That was *the* Industrial Revolution. But new research and interpretation made it imperative to extend that period by a decade or two, the more so because no real beginning or ending of it could be discovered and because English experience was not unique. No one doubts that there was an acceleration of industrial development in the traditional period of the Industrial Revolution but now we seem to be getting back to an exact date for the 'first take-off' into industrialism and the subsequent 'take-off into self-sustaining growth'. Such precision, if acceptable, is derived from the quantitative examination of historical data, though much of the historical experience is necessarily imponderable.

The addition of quantitative tools to the historian's equipments is valuable but the continuing use of the term 'industrial revolution' remains inexact. Industrial revolutions have proliferated greatly in recent years. We read nowadays of industrial revolutions in the pre-historic world and in the Middle Ages. There is one, for example, allocated to the thirteenth century, when the fulling of cloths left the towns for the countryside and, becoming mechanised, transformed one of the processes in the manufacture of woollen cloth. Similarly, within the classical Industrial Revolution of the textbooks, that of Britain, there was a 'chemical revolution' in the eighteenth century, and recently paper-making was shown to have gone through a technical transformation like that of some other industries. To make things more difficult still, a big claim has been made for the century 1540-1640, when 'the genesis of our industrial civilisation' is found in technical changes in mining and manufacturing 'only less momentous than those associated with the great inventions of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries'. We may recall, too, the 'new industrial revolution', as it was termed, of the nineteen-twenties, when the so-called rationalisation movement gathered its post-inflation momentum with the reorganisation of German industry and was transferred to Britain

in the nasty years which followed the General Strike of 1926. Now, in this age we are at present living through, we have another new industrial revolution on our hands, that of nuclear power and electronics. This new industrial revolution, too, has disturbing possibilities. According to Professor Norbert Wiener, it 'is simply bound to devalue the human brain at least in its simple and more routine decisions', just as 'the first industrial revolution, that of the "dark satanic mills" was the devaluation of the human arm by the competition of machinery'.

I have not quoted Professor Wiener for fun or from fear, or even from belief in what he says. Here we have just another example of the over-frequent use of this term 'industrial revolution'. It has to cover single industry transformations, technical innovations in sequence, regional industrialisations, and phases of national industrialisations. To make confusion worse confounded, it has to be employed for all that sequence of industrialisations, of different speeds and different content, which may have been planned or half-planned from above by totalitarian states, or may have issued from the natural economic growth of relatively backward economies, or may be the result of the discovery by scientific technicians of the new ways of developing old resources that have acquired new values, such as rubber or oil, or of new resources such as various metals or, say, uranium, which are urgently needed for military or pacific purposes. Persia, the Middle Eastern and Far Eastern countries are all on the road to industrialisation now, all undergoing their industrial revolutions, as the United States and Germany were a century ago, and Japan shortly after, and Russia since 1917 or 1921. These industrial revolutions have as much claim to be so called as our British Industrial Revolution of the later eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. Prototypes may require a distinguishing label, but this particular label has lost its power to distinguish.

It was in the eighteen-eighties that the Industrial Revolution, as the description of a particular historical epoch, won general acceptance. A newly aroused social conscience provided the context, and socialist agitation aided. It then acquired a deeper and more emotional content, the product of the impassioned writings of Mr. and Mrs. Hammond which accompanied the radical revival of 1906. Thus present-mindedness, the inescapable conditioning agent of historical writing, exercised its customary stimulus. The first world war ushered in new social tensions, and new political anxieties. Under their influence there was a sharp reaction from the social interpretation of the Industrial Revolution. Its ultimate benevolence was stressed as its material progress was measured. The 'dark satanic mills' were presented as the amateurish scene-paintings of over-dramatised playwrights which caricatured and distorted historical fact.

The abysmal horrors of the descriptions of the early factory systems were abandoned, and it was soon discovered that the pioneers of factory

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# NEWS DIARY

February 13-19

## Wednesday, February 13

House of Commons debates Government's defence policy

Israeli Government asks for a clarification of Mr. Dulles' proposals about the Gulf of Akaba

It is announced in Amman that the Anglo-Jordan Treaty of 1948 is to be ended next month and the withdrawal of British forces to begin soon afterwards

## Thursday, February 14

Four British subjects charged with spying are brought to court in Cairo

Power-station engineers offer to suspend 'working to rule' if talks are held on their dispute with the Central Electricity Authority

Labour Party wins North Lewisham by-election

## Friday, February 15

Mr. Shepilov is replaced by Mr. Gromyko as Soviet Foreign Minister

The Government publishes a new National Insurance Bill

Police in Johannesburg arrest 2,000 Africans

## Saturday, February 16

Her Majesty the Queen flies to Portugal to join H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh after his four-month tour round the world

Britain accuses eastern European countries and Egypt of giving military aid to the Yemen

Delegate conference of the National Union of Teachers rejects a pension scheme for dependants proposed by the Ministry of Education

## Sunday, February 17

President Eisenhower again appeals to Israel to withdraw her forces from Egypt

Egyptian frogmen start clearing one of the last two major obstacles in the Suez Canal

## Monday, February 18

H.M. the Queen begins her state visit to Portugal

Political committee of U.N. General Assembly discusses Cyprus

Admiralty announces appointment of a Rear-Admiral Nuclear Propulsion

## Tuesday, February 19

Chancellor of Exchequer announces that the National Health Service contribution is to be increased and that there will be additional charges for the cost of welfare milk and school meals

Rent Bill to be amended so that tenants are given security for fifteen months before rents are decontrolled

President Eisenhower returns to Washington to discuss Middle East situation



The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh talking with Dr. Paulo Cunha, the Portuguese Foreign Minister, at Montijo Airport, Lisbon, on February 16. Her Majesty had flown from England to join the Duke, who has just completed a tour round the world, for a state visit to Portugal; it was their first meeting after a separation of four months



Swans swimming in flood water at Strand-on-the-Green, Kew, last weekend when the Thames overflowed its banks at several points. In the west country abnormally high tides caused damage in several areas



The seventeenth-century Portuguese barge, with the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh on board, being rowed by eight Portuguese sailors towards the landing in Lisbon harbour on February 18. The Queen was greeted by General Craveiro Lopes, Minister, the royal party drove in through the city



Lord Hore-Belisha who died on February 19, aged sixty-three. He was Secretary of War in the period of military operations in the late 1930s and the opening of the last war and was responsible for reaching reforms in the army. As Minister of Transport, 1934-7, his campaign against accidents saw the introduction of the 'beacon' law. He resigned from the Government in 1940 but returned to office as Minister of National Insurance in Mr. Churchill's government at the end of the war. He was created a baron in 1955





View of the *Queen Mary* now undergoing her annual overhaul in dry dock at Southampton. The task takes eight weeks to complete



General Lauris Norstad, the new Supreme Allied Commander, Europe, saying goodbye to Mr. Harold Macmillan after he and Mrs. Norstad (background) had lunched with the Prime Minister at 10 Downing Street on February 12. General Norstad was on a short visit to London for talks on defence



The altar cloth presented by the Queen to Westminster Abbey as part of her Coronation offering. The wealth of detail in its design has taken a long time to execute and the cloth has only recently been completed. It will be on view to the public at the nave altar until Ash Wednesday



A view from St. Andries, Somerset, of the Quantock Hills—the first area in England to be officially designated as one of 'outstanding natural beauty'

J. Allan Cash



(continued from page 307)

regulation, among them such experienced and successful manufacturers as the elder Sir Robert Peel, Robert Owen, and John Fielden, were mistaken in their efforts to secure reform by legislation, because it would have come more quickly without. Here, too, was present-mindedness—the present-mindedness of the neo-classical economics then in vogue, anxious to save ‘individualism’ before it was too late, free trade as long as it might be, and the institutions of the self-regulating economy while they still had some vitality. Again there was a wealth of new research to provide new historical evidence for these interpretations. Never had the association between economic history and theoretical economics been so close, and never had the economic historians been more single-minded in outlook or objective in method. Never, too, had it been clearer that the results which accrue from historical research and the revision of previous historical interpretations are dependent on the questions which are asked. That is the perennial problem of historical research, and its fascination. Every generation requires its own history, and from the successive interpretations truth accumulates, or seems to, or should do. A new phase in the historical interpretation of this so-called revolution is surely called for now when its historians admit that it is a misleading term and yet refuse to try to invent another. That very reluctance seems to indicate that they are going round in their tracks. The collapse of so many of yesterday’s habits of thinking is a potent summons to new thinking.

### Refinements and Re-interpretations

An outstanding contributor to our current refinement of conventional views of the Industrial Revolution has been Professor T. S. Ashton. He has viewed the Industrial Revolution as composed of changes which were social and intellectual as well as economic. It is the development of that approach to the constructive epoch of George III’s reign (plus or minus those odd decades which some historians require) which seems now to be called for. The work of the Hammonds has been prematurely pushed aside and too sternly discounted. Longer perspectives and deeper analysis are called for. The essential continuity of the Industrial Revolution with at least the scientific advances of the seventeenth century must be fully allowed for, and equally the continuity with Victorian and post-Victorian developments. Much of that is common form now, though not the revision of the current devaluation of the work of the Hammonds. There is scepticism of, for example, their comparison of the civilisation and values of the ancient world with those of industrialism. But to write off their work, as is the specialists’ habit at present, is to accept a more purely economic interpretation in its place; in fact to swing to an opposite extreme is misleading in different ways from the position taken up by the Hammonds, but still misleading. Like the Whig interpretation of history which masqueraded for a long time as history *sans* phrase, it is now losing some of its power to explain. A new turn of the historical dialectic is again called for.

It is time we gave up not local but parochial history. Why the refusal to integrate the history of England with that of Scotland and Ireland? Scotland contributed strikingly to English industrialisation in the metal and chemical industries, in textiles and engineering, in agriculture, shipbuilding, and communications. The Scots provided penetrating economic and social thinkers beside Hume and Adam Smith; witness the work of William Playfair, George Chalmers, Patrick Colquhoun, and others. The late Laurence Saunders in our own day wrote a study of the economic and intellectual background to the foundations of *Scottish Democracy*, which is both a sadly neglected and an outstandingly illuminating book. The history of Ireland, a labour and food exporting colony ruthlessly exploited, also needs to be fully integrated into the history of Great Britain. The labour economy of the pioneer phase of industrialisation in Britain cannot be grasped in dynamic terms without that integration. Nor can English agrarian developments be adequately analysed if Scottish and Irish economic and social history be kept apart.

### An Imaginary Agrarian Revolution

But one almost despairs of the agrarian branch of the story of economic expansion. The old stuff keeps on popping out in rehashed versions of Lord Ernle’s famous account of it—an almost wholly imaginary agrarian revolution that supplied an increasing townfolk with food from the enclosed farms of improving agriculturists. There are more begged questions, perhaps, in this amalgam of truths, half-truths and untruths than in any other part of the conventional story. Its re-examination, quantitative if possible, might well strengthen the Ham-

monds’ version of it, for there is little sifted fact available to prove more than an occasional connection between enclosure and improved soil utilisation. There were still as many acres under fallow as under turnips in the eighteen-forties, and populations reduced to potato standards are not good evidence of a progressive agrarian revolution. Bakewell’s famous experiment in selective cattle breeding produced, as Arthur Young recalled, the gibe that his ‘beasts were too dear to buy and too fat to eat’. There could not be ‘an agrarian revolution’ of any great moment in the conditions of eighteenth-century agriculture.

Too much reliance has been placed on one-sided witnesses, also, in accounts of the workpeople’s contribution to industrialisation. They were not invariably hostile to its progress; the Luddites were not typical. A great cotton-manufacturer, John Kennedy, saw in the workers’ many improvements of their tools a main factor in the transition to factory production. In judging the difficulties of that transition there has been too much readiness to accept the views of non-industrialists, such as the political economists, and too little weight given to the testimony of successful employers who repudiated the necessity of unhealthy and excessive labour. An exaggerated importance has been attached to masters’ grievances about their workers’ indiscipline and laziness and too little to their own predatory habits: for example, the survival of truck (which William Huskisson said caused a twenty-five per cent. abatement of wages) and the discomforts of technological unemployment. It was a small-masters’ system and had the characteristic defects of such a system, especially the capital deficiencies which slowed down development and extended unhappily the period of transition. Workers’ own self-help movements—friendly societies and trade unions—are commonly ignored or misrepresented or condemned. The employers had greater strength and a monopoly of legal power. They secured some seventy or eighty individual Acts of Parliament prohibiting workers’ combination as well as a general prohibition at the end of the century. Is it any wonder that inconvenient protests, for example rioting, recurred from time to time? The Hammonds’ *Skilled Labourer* is invaluable on that subject but curiously ignored in general accounts of the Industrial Revolution. But the overtone of Malthusian pessimism, still common in the books, may well explain this distortion of the history of the early labour economy of industrialism.

### Scepticism about Political Economy

We can acknowledge gladly the harvest of enlivening comment today as well as the scepticism of contemporaries. But the individualists must not be allowed to beg all the questions. It was the Tory *Quarterly* which wrote of the political economists in 1831:

In their theory of *rent*, they have insisted that landlords can thrive only at the expense of the public at large, and especially of the capitalists: in their theory of *profit*, they have declared that capitalists can only improve their circumstances by depressing those of the labouring and most numerous class: in their theory of *wages*, they have maintained that the condition of the labourers can only be bettered by depriving them of their greatest happiness and their only consolation under trouble, the feelings of the husband and the father: in their theory of *population*, they have absolved governments from all responsibility for the misery of the people committed to their care: and in their theory of *morals*, they have impressed on the poor that the legitimate indulgence of their natural appetites is the greatest of all crimes—on the rich that the abandonment of the poor to destitution is the most sacred of all duties.

Anyhow, the political economists of that day had no theory of economic growth with which to interpret it. Yet its consequences and its problems were visible on all sides. Demands for new legislation were such that one single civil servant, Trevelyan, also a liberal conservative, had the making of fourteen Acts of Parliament to his credit, and new areas of state responsibility, new functions of public administration, were continually being defined. This legislation showed that the shortcomings of aggressive individualism were recognised even in its own day, and these too must inform the historical reconstruction of this important phase of our history. But it remains true that in the reign of George III war was an almost omnipresent influence, and in its wake a territorial aristocracy was sliding downhill from political omnipotence to limited authority, while a rising middle class of business men and technicians elbowed them out of their traditional leadership. Only rapid industrialisation had it in it to build a new society in which the ever threatening decline of the labouring multitudes from poverty to indigence could be arrested and all might become members one of another.—*Third Programme*



# Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

## Oxford Moral Philosophy

Sir,—Owing to the lubricity of her style, few listeners will have understood what Miss Anscombe was driving at in her broadcast about Oxford moral philosophers, printed in THE LISTENER of February 14. I am therefore sending you some of the fruits of my attempt to unravel her meaning from the tortuous sarcasms under which she concealed it. If I have misinterpreted her, I ask her to forgive me and to express herself more openly.

It appears that (a) she thinks that if someone seems to be in earnest about a moral question, the obvious explanation is that this is 'an important piece of equipment' for corrupting people (I am flattered to be bracketed with William Temple among those who have practised this hypocrisy); (b) she does not approve of what she calls 'the highest and best ideals' of the country at large; these include the desire to prevent suffering, especially that of children; (c) she thinks it wrong to judge acts by the foreseen consequences of committing them; for example, she thinks it a sin to tell a lie in order to shield a friend. I understand from this that I need not consider what the Gestapo will do to my friend when I have told them where he is; and—to take another example—that the person who ordered the atom bomb to be dropped on Hiroshima had no duty to consider whether anybody would be killed by the explosion. Yet in a pamphlet which she recently circulated Miss Anscombe accused Mr. Truman of being a murderer.

I have also heard (and if I have heard wrong, she will no doubt correct me) that she believes that the sin of lying can be committed only by making a plain false statement; *suggestiones falsi*, however effective, may escape hell fire. A person of this persuasion who wishes to misrepresent a colleague will naturally not do so by direct attack, and will refrain from giving even fabricated evidence that the views attacked are actually held by the victim. The appropriate method for such a person is that which she has in fact followed; she alludes to some philosophical views which might pass with an ill-informed listener for caricatures of the victim's views; then, by means of such phrases as 'Isn't this very much in line with . . .?', 'A frequent occurrence that is very much in the same spirit is . . .', and 'With this too goes the idea that . . .', these views are associated with opinions and practices which Miss Anscombe dislikes and which she hopes the listener will condemn. Thus the Oxford moralist finds himself encouraging the chucking of widows out of their houses. But what is the connection between the various objects of Miss Anscombe's hate, other than that she hates them all?

My main purpose in writing to you is to remove an impression which may have been created that the youth, when it gets to Oxford, will meet many philosophers who talk like her. If this were so, the youth might be well-advised to go elsewhere and avoid corruption. But in fact she is unique, and those who come here are much more likely to meet plain, ordinary enquirers into the nature of morality, whose hope is to teach them by example and precept to think and speak about it clearly.

Yours, etc.,

Oxford R. M. HARE

Sir,—I have some reason to believe that when Miss Anscombe delivered her talk, 'Does Oxford Moral Philosophy Corrupt the Youth?', the ironical nature of her defence may have escaped her audience. It seemed therefore unnecessary to make any reply. But the publication of her text alters the case. No intelligent reader can now be in any doubt as to her intentions and there is a small chance that readers who know nothing about Oxford philosophy may get a false impression.

The defence Miss Anscombe submits is that a charge of corrupting the youth can only lie against moral philosophers if it can be shown that their influence makes young people worse than they would otherwise be; but this cannot be shown since 'Oxford moral philosophy is perfectly in tune with the highest and best ideals of the country at large'. The irony is only made obvious when we learn what these 'highest and best ideals' are. Among them we find: disregard of natural justice, approval of the view that certain proceedings of local authorities are not challengeable on grounds of fraud, and the rejection of the principle of parental authority. Miss Anscombe's defence therefore implies that the philosophers concerned subscribe to these 'ideals'. Yet I know of no work of any Oxford philosopher in which subscription to such principles is either expressed or implied. Would she please say where such views are to be found?

The general burden of her criticism of the morality of the country at large is that people tend to judge all acts by their consequences rather than by their 'nature and quality' and she implies that Oxford philosophers share this attitude. But she does not say which philosophers share it or where it is to be found in their works, and she omits to mention the fact that, in my book on *Ethics*, I expressly condemn it. Miss Anscombe seems to be (though I can scarcely believe that she is) ignorant of the difficulties involved in drawing a distinction between an act and its consequences. For example, was Mr. Truman's 'act' the signing of an order, the killing of a number of Japanese, or the saving of a number of Japanese and other lives? If it was the first only, Miss Anscombe has, on her own principles, as little right to condemn it as Mr. Truman's supporters have to defend it, since both judgements turn on its consequences. But if the killing is to be included in the nature and quality of Mr. Truman's act, why not the saving of lives? I do not suggest that no distinction could be drawn here, only that it is not an easy matter to say where and how it is to be drawn. It is—with the elucidation of just such difficulties that moral philosophy is concerned.

Similarly it is not easy to say just what would and what would not justify intervention to prevent cruelty to children. Would Miss Anscombe carry the principle of parental authority so far as to deny, in all circumstances and with whatever safeguards, the right of the police or of an inspector of the N.S.P.C.C. or even of a private citizen to save a child from a parent who has not yet contravened the law? If she is prepared to admit that this might in some circumstances and with some safeguards be allowed, she will find herself asking the questions 'In what circumstances, with what safeguards?' And then she might find herself driven to asking some more general questions about the principles she

uses when thinking about the particular questions.

In short, she might find herself doing some moral philosophy and discovering, perhaps, that the answers are not always so easy to give as her references to natural justice and the nature and quality of an act imply.

Yours, etc.,

Oxford

P. H. NOWELL-SMITH

## The Future of World Population

Sir,—I would entirely agree with Mr. Cowan (THE LISTENER, February 14) that sexuality cannot be equated with physiological fecundity, but rather the contrary. The point was that differential emigration from Ireland seems to have increased the proportion of people left behind who are 'not the marrying kind'. These are psychologically, but not necessarily physiologically, infecund since they marry late or not at all and have few children.

In my talk (THE LISTENER, February 7) it was the rate of increase of world population rather than total numbers that I suggested might fall off in the future. That should give rise to no complacency but only to the hope that if population and production problems are vigorously attacked there is some prospect of success, since we will be working with and not against natural processes. The danger is not complacency, but the fatalistic feeling that whatever can be done will never prevail against the Malthusian law of the geometrical increase of population and so why try to do anything, with any luck we won't live to see the worst.

Yours, etc.,

Cambridge

C. B. GOODHART

## Minds and Machines

Sir,—Before this discussion is concluded, may I comment briefly on Dr. George's reply to my letter (THE LISTENER, January 31).

In criticising his identification of brain with mind, I was not in fact reviving the traditional body-mind problem. Rather, I was making a plea for the right use of terms in scientific description. While rejecting the Cartesian dichotomy, I think it neither 'stupid' nor 'trivial' to recognise both cerebral processes and mental events. Both of these phenomena can be studied by the scientist, but neither can provide a sufficient account of the other. I would argue, therefore, that physiological terms are inappropriate at the level of psychological description.

Finally, Dr. George in his talk stated categorically that ideas are created in the brain. This may be a useful assumption for a limited field of enquiry, but it lacks the verification which could make it a statement of fact.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.C.1.

S. P. W. CHAVE

Sir,—I agree with Dr. George; the implications of the subject matter of our correspondence are too complicated to deal with briefly. For instance, the word 'science' needs definition; it is clearly used in many different senses—Dr. George, for example, seems to use it in a slightly different sense from Dr. Baldwin, in the talk reported in THE LISTENER (February 14) a few pages before Dr. George's letter. That Dr. George believes science can help in all the more important crises of life clearly means he uses



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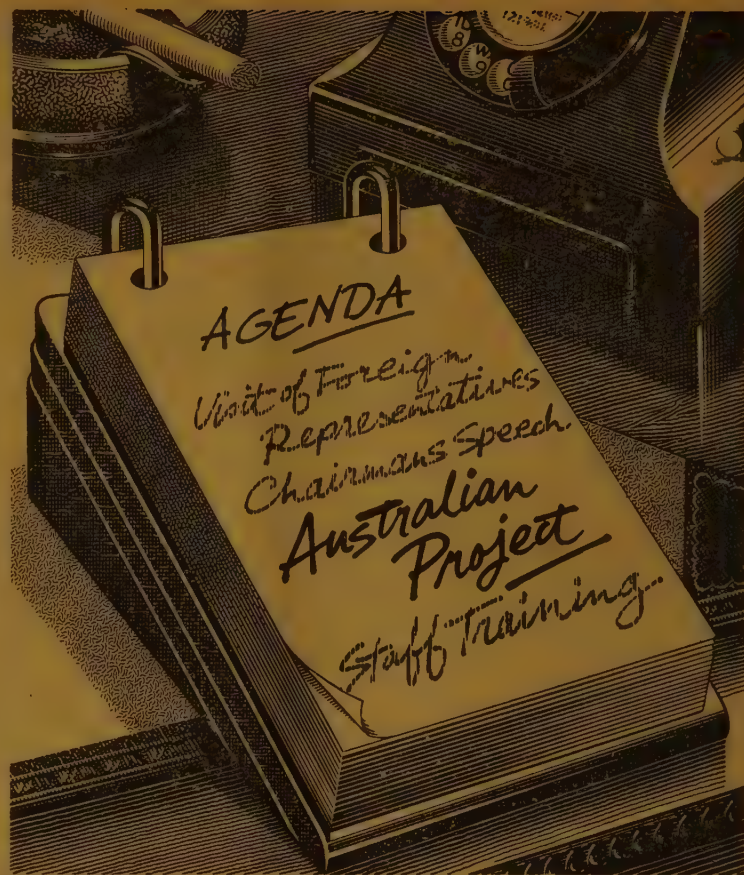
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the word in a different sense from that which I give it. Most human crises, for example, involve people in severe psychological disturbances, which cannot be directly observed, but only argued to, by observation and analogy with the observer's experience. There are scientists who do not believe unobservable phenomena of this kind to be amenable to scientific investigation. Again, all depends on the sense of the word scientific.

The principle of causality, which governs, in some sense, our decision as to which variable we consider to be 'responsible' for the change we are interested in, is one which science—in Dr. George's sense—cannot itself justify, but must accept. This was the point of my question. There are clearly good grounds for selecting the brain as closely linked to mental events; but the brain is closely linked to the human body. My object is to draw attention to the tendency of the behaviourist to appear to talk as if the brain was a sort of thing 'in vacuo'.

Which leads me to a natural agreement about the word 'I'. This word, like 'one', is basic to all human activity. Merely because both state the 'obvious' (why?) does not seem sufficient reason for the taking for granted of such basic 'things'. It may not be experimental or mathematical or astronomic or social science's task to discuss the obvious, but that all depends on what we mean by 'science' and 'obvious'. Perhaps scientists may one day come to some sort of agreement as to how to label this word (science) so as to avoid the sort of confusions implicit in this discussion.

Yours, etc.,

Dundee A. T. MACQUEEN

### American Influence in Britain

Sir,—I have read with interest the broadcasts on 'America, the Guardian of British Tradition' (THE LISTENER, February 7) and 'America and the British Left' (*ibid*, February 14). Such essays in understanding serve a very valuable purpose in these days, when the question of the adjustment of our relations to the U.S.A. is of such primary importance. But I suggest that the issues are not mainly political. The influence of 'American' technical achievement, or, as it might legitimately be called, civilisation, is far more subtle and widespread than is generally realised. Through television and the popular press it spreads to the remotest communities in our island, so that we are in danger of becoming, not politically but culturally, the 'forty-ninth State'. The fact that many of these 'American' products are either worthless or positively harmful clearly indicates that we are threatened by not political subordination but a moral and cultural conquest. This danger is enhanced because such 'cultural' exports seem to obey an ethical Gresham's Law; a walk down any street in Subtopia confirms this.

It appears to me that the B.B.C. is encouraging this tendency. It would be interesting to discover the proportion of news bulletins during the last six months which began with the words 'President Eisenhower' and/or 'Mr. Dulles'. This encourages the feeling that we are in process of being subjugated to, or at least powerfully influenced by, the stream of pious platitudes that continually emanate from the former or the series of earth-shaking bricks dropped by the latter. The Englishman always takes a lot of convincing about such matters, but, as Hitler knew, continual propaganda does pay in the end. And as for the 'music hall', 'dance band', or average television entertainment, the American influence is paramount, save for imitations that are worse than the original.

Yours, etc.,

Sutton Coldfield H. D. NORTHFIELD

### The Beauty of Money

Sir,—One must applaud M. Schneider for his ingenuity when in his delightful talk on bank notes he attempts to link Protestant theology with the practice of the Bank of England (THE LISTENER, February 7). Unfortunately this interesting theory—that Englishmen, being Protestants, do not believe in original sin and therefore prefer clean bank notes—breaks down on the fact that Protestant theology strongly supports the doctrine of original sin.

Nevertheless, M. Schneider asserts that bank notes reflect national character, so we must pursue the investigation. I wonder if the explanation can be that the English (being by nature cautious and conservative) are fond of new things. Whereas the Latin (being by nature radical and revolutionary) prefers to cling to the old.

Yours, etc.,

Whitley Bay J. H. WATSON

### Queen Elizabeth I's Dilemma

Sir,—Mr. George Scott-Moncrieff's contrasts between Elizabeth and Mary Stewart might have been better understood if he had drawn a clearer dividing line between the earlier and the later Mary. What about 'the undue affection' which the latter bore 'to the Earl of Bothwell' (Father Edmund Hay, S.J.); 'Bothwell whom she loved to distraction' (Tritonio, the nuncio Laureo's secretary)? No wonder Pope Pius V could say that it was not 'his intention to have any further communication with her, unless . . . he shall see some better sign of her life and religion than he has witnessed in the past' (Pollen, *Papal Negotiations with Queen Mary*, page 397).

As to Professor Neale's glorification of Elizabeth, we can all appreciate his contributions to scholarship without following him in those exercises of historical legerdemain that have become so characteristic of the London School of Elizabethology.

Yours, etc.,

Glasgow J. McDOWELL

### The Passion for Faces

Sir,—Mr. David Piper rightly notes that distaste for the unlabelled portrait which so often leads to incorrect or over-optimistic identification. He overlooks a complementary error, into which I rather fancy he may have fallen himself.

Confronting an authenticated portrait of a famous personality, we are too ready to discover in its features those qualities which the history of the sitter leads us to expect there. Thus, Mr. Piper on the life-mask of William Blake: 'tough as a monolith yet capacious to stage visions of all eternity'.

Is this really an objective judgement that would have been arrived at equally if Mr. Piper did not have prior notice of the sitter's identity? I showed the mask to three people who did not know it was Blake. One judged the sitter to be 'ruthless and sadistic', the second 'kind but ineffectual'; the third said, 'a typical Civil Servant'.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.8 SYLVIA HAYMON

Sir,—In his talk on the National Portrait Gallery Mr. David Piper seems to have fallen into the natural error of supposing Lord Palmerston to be a member, and therefore to speak in, the House of Lords. As he was a member of the Irish peerage, however, he was not *ipso facto* his peerage a member of the House of Lords, but remained all his life a member of the House of Commons.

Yours, etc.,

Sheffield, 10 MARTIN SHEERS

### The 'Modernity' of William Walton

Sir,—Mr. Radcliffe asks two pertinent and challenging questions. To answer them purposefully would take up too much of THE LISTENER's space and too much of my own time. The points he raises, in fact, could be met only by discussing the whole problem of the psychology of composition. But this field of study is still in its earliest stages and to discuss it in general—Mr. Radcliffe's questions do not seem to be attached to a particular composer—would not be a very rewarding activity and one, in any case, outside my competence.

I was careful in my article on Walton to mention that Dr. Adorno's concept of *Angst* requires definition: I think it acquires sense when related to specific composers. I doubt whether he thinks *Angst* and a 'modern conscience' are the 'only valuable' creative stimuli. I think nothing of the sort. Since I suggested that Walton's violin concerto in part owed its very inspiration to an abandonment of his 'modern conscience' I should have thought it was clear that I believe the range of creative stimuli to be wider than Mr. Radcliffe believes my belief to be. I hoped one of my sentences stressed that fact, if from another standpoint: 'The creative talent has a habit of escaping the historian's pigeon-holes, declining to join the expected effect to its appropriate cause'. In short, there is no saying what genius will succeed in making of seeming disabilities.

As for Mr. Radcliffe's second question: 'Is a composer writing—presumably with his tongue in his cheek—the kind of music against which his education and natural taste revolt likely to achieve results of any real value?'—it puzzles me. That is not what I think, nor what I thought I wrote, about Walton. If it is no more than a general query, then my answer, in general, would be 'no'. If, on the other hand, Mr. Radcliffe dropped his 'tongue in cheek' qualification (he does presume, I fear), then I should answer that there is a rare type of questing composer who does create, and create significantly, as it were, *against* his taste, education and tradition.

But Mr. Radcliffe's teasing questions are really too vague. I do not think we can do more at the moment than attempt partial answers to questions focused on the 'actual musical make-up' of specific composers.

Let me say, in conclusion, that the specific work in question—Walton's cello concerto—seems to me to lend generous support to my application of Dr. Adorno's generalisations to its composer.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.1 DONALD MITCHELL

### Hugh Kingsmill and John Holms

Sir,—Readers of THE LISTENER who were interested in Mr. Lance Sieveking's talk 'Hugh Kingsmill and John Holms' will find a more detailed portrait of John Holms in William Gerhardt's novel *Resurrection*, where he appears under the name of 'Bonzo'.

Mr. Gerhardt's book, which has been unjustifiably neglected, gives a very vivid picture of Holms' later background, and indeed the title of the novel springs from an odd experience coinciding with Holms' death. *Resurrection* has been claimed to have been Mr. Gerhardt's best book to date, and I cannot forbear trying to pass on my own enjoyment of it.

Yours, etc.,

St. Albans J. PARKHILL-RATHBONE

### Handwriting

Sir,—I am conducting an extensive survey of handwriting, which, coupled with many years' research into the practical and aesthetic



problems confronting the introduction of a good, simple everyday cursive, will I hope result in an acceptable plan for modern handwriting. The results of a survey will take the form of a detailed analysis from which the plan to bring about common usage of a form of writing in which the characters adhere as closely as possible to the printed letter forms that we see and read every day in journals and newspapers will evolve.

For this purpose I am anxious to obtain as

many examples of every type of handwriting as possible and if I may presume the hospitality of your columns I would appeal to all readers of THE LISTENER to send me a small example of their normal handwriting. It is not necessary for senders to include their name and address unless acknowledgement is required (in such a way anonymity will be assured) but it is essential that each example includes the following particulars:

(1) Age, sex, occupation.

(2) Type of pen used (fine/med/broad/oblique/ball point).

(3) Whether the writer is right-hand or left-hand.

May I in advance thank all readers for their co-operation and assure them that every single example received will be of the utmost importance to this survey which I believe to be of national interest.

Yours, etc.,

Glasgow, E.1.

REGINALD PIGGOTT

## India: Paradise for Planners

(continued from page 295)

The answer given by Indian officials falls into two parts. First of all, the Indian industrialist would not be ready to disobey the state openly in so lighthearted a mood as his British colleague. The second factor is that the structure of Indian industry, with the predominance of medium- and large-scale units in many sectors, eases the problem of control by a central government. Outside the field of textiles nearly all of these Indian industries are fairly new. Their total production is not large, and what matters in most cases is to keep a check on a comparatively small number of firms which can be readily pin-pointed. In the steel industry the problem is how to keep tabs effectively on two firms—Tata's and the Indian Iron and Steel Company. To cap the whole structure, the steel controller at New Delhi today is an ex-Tata employee who knows his way round the industry in detail. This is no accident: it is almost inevitable that anyone whom the Government could usefully employ to look after steel would have been trained either by Tata or by the other firm. It is doubtful whether this kind of situation will last as Indian manufacturing industry develops and begins to proliferate small industrial units in great quantity. There are, in fact, signs that it is already starting to do so. In regarding these new industrial societies one has to make an effort, when one comes from the West, to acclimatise oneself to the idea that the normal course of development is from large to small units, not the other way about.

But in the meanwhile the structure of Indian industry is one more factor helping to strengthen the myth of an omnipotent government at the centre. In addition, the present distribution of the national income, with its extreme of poverty at one end covering all but a tiny fraction of the population, also tends to simplify the problem of government control over the economy. It is worth remembering, too, that the central power in India has had a special historical role in the commercial life of the country. It is not at all strange to regard it as a sort of entrepreneur-in-chief, with a somewhat authoritarian method of conducting business, in the manner of the East India Company. The East India Company always showed intense hostility to people whom it termed 'interlopers' but whom we should call independent British traders showing enterprise. There is the remark of Lord Lawrence, who was Viceroy in the eighteen-sixties, which sums up the traditional attitude. 'I know what private enterprise means', he said. 'It means robbing the government'. In the late nineteenth century the Indian civil servants extended the tutelage of the state over wide sectors of economic activity—the railways are one outstanding example—and in the early years of this century, the new Indian Department of Commerce and Industry, under British direction, set up a number of factories of its own to make manufactured goods.

However, the attitude which I observed in the approach to Indian planning today has its roots much further back in Indian history. This attitude towards authority was analysed by Mr. J. R. D. Tata in another connection as an important factor in the process of Indian industrialisation. He illustrated his point by quoting from a letter, which is still in the company files, written by one of the Tata employees a few years back to the American general manager of the day, after this employee had been sacked for the fourth successive time. 'You, Sir', he wrote, asking for his job back, 'are my father and my mother, and I am a poor son of a bitch'. I do not think that this can be dismissed simply as an Oriental flourish with an American gloss. It corresponds to a real feeling; and that feeling is strongest in relation to the ultimate authority of the state. Without this feeling it is difficult to believe that the Moslem conquerors from the north, with their completely alien culture could have imposed themselves for centuries on the vast Hindu population of India. Equally, it is improbable that Britain could have maintained herself as the ruler of India for 150 years with the aid of a tiny garrison of foreign troops if the psychological basis for mass acquiescence had not already existed. There is something in the point which was made by the Marquess of Hastings when he was Governor-General of India in 1824. In one of his despatches he wrote: 'There is nothing humiliating in our rule, since a paramount power has been for centuries a notion so familiar that its existence seems almost indispensable'.

The paramount power, whether British or Moslem, could sustain itself only because it was able to rely on the continued functioning of an administrative machine at the lower level, manned by the Hindus themselves. Why the Hindu administrator should have been so ready to acquiesce and to be patient enough to wait for the long historical process by which he eventually captured his conqueror is a matter for speculation. It is possible that from the earliest times Indians have tended to regard the state power as their mother and father, because of the organised work that could be done only through its agency to secure the water supply required to grow food. It must have been clear from way back to these ancient settled communities that without the authority of the state and its engineering activities many of them would starve. These considerations, reinforced by a highly authoritarian caste system, have almost certainly helped to form the special Indian attitudes that are still observable today. They were probably reinforced by the experience of British rule with its high administrative standards and its aloof and impersonal ways.

It is slightly ironic that the Indian Civil Service should have helped to enhance the prestige of the state, which the Congress Party has now inherited. Before independence the attitude

of the Congress towards the I.C.S. was summed up in a remark attributed to Mr. Nehru that 'it was neither Indian, nor civil, nor a service to anyone'. There was a clear understanding that these men would all be swept away as soon as the Congress had managed to get rid of the British. They were regarded, in European parlance, as 'collaborationists'. Yet a couple of mornings spent in the government departments in New Delhi today and a round of visits to the important organisations in centres like Bombay and Calcutta soon convince one that the old I.C.S. men still form an élite of enormous power and influence in Indian life. There are grumbles about this; people complain that the Indian civil servants have 'had it both ways'; but there they remain, able, hardworking, and above all self-confident men, with the highest intellectual standards, as an expression of the continuity of Indian government.

Beyond all this is the great prestige of the Congress Party and of Mr. Nehru personally for his achievement in bringing India forward so rapidly to a leading place in the conduct of international affairs. The political hold of Congress is of the utmost importance to India at the moment. It is only because the same party has been in office in Delhi and in the states forming the Indian Union that the Government has been able to carry through its centralising mission, which is the essential preliminary to effective economic planning on the scale required today. The coming general elections will be interesting chiefly to see whether some anti-Congress coalition may after all emerge in one of the states to impede this process. However, it would be wrong to regard the popularity of the Congress as the only, or even the main, source of the special attitude which Indians have towards their Government today. There is an instinctive nationalist preference for this explanation. But many reflective Indians will admit that it goes far beyond that, back into the roots of their national history.

The immediately practical point is that the psychological advantage possessed by the Indian Government has enabled it to tackle some ferociously difficult problems with outstanding success. The overwhelming prestige of the Government, the popular confidence in its power to do things, has in turn influenced the attitude of the governors towards themselves: they tend to believe now that they can do fairly easily many things which are really rather difficult. I believe myself that a more critical Indian public opinion would in the end do the planners a great deal of good; and that many of the planners would, after they had got over the shock, welcome it themselves.—*Third Programme*

We regret that the name of Mr. Frank Avray Wilson, at present exhibiting at the Redfern Gallery, was wrongly given in Mr. Alan Clutton-Brock's article 'Round the London Galleries' last week.



# The Listener's Book Chronicle

## The Hungarian Revolution

By George Mikes.

Andre Deutsch. 12s. 6d.

## A Handful of Ashes. By Noel Barber.

Wingate. 12s. 6d.

MR. MIKES IS WELL KNOWN in England as a comic writer, in the blandest, lightest vein. For two decades he has taken nothing seriously in the land of his adoption; but here, about the land of his birth, he has written a serious account of the revolution which reveals how deeply he has been moved. The sardonic vein is used only once or twice, to express his scorn that the world has done nothing except 'send warm underpants' to the Magyar race. Nehru, Eisenhower, Hammarskjöld and 'other noble souls', he points out, have acclaimed the Hungarian revolution as showing that 'the human spirit is after all stronger than tyranny', that 'liberty is unquenchable', and so forth—but they have unfortunately let it be quenched. 'Where is the statesman to grasp the opportunity?' Mr. Mikes cries in desperation. 'Ye Gods, where is he?'

Mr. Mikes' theme is that the Hungarian revolution is the 'Stalingrad of communism', that the Soviet Union has suffered such a defeat that it will, from now on, have to retreat. Stalingrad did not mean the final defeat of Germany; it meant the end of her conquests. Basically then, Mr. Mikes is optimistic. Although this is an account, year by year, almost month by month, of terror mounting to its tremendous climax, the general effect is invigorating and encouraging. Admiration for the noble and quixotic Magyar race, gratitude for an act as important for humanity as the French Revolution—these are the emotions Mr. Mikes rouses in us, together with a sense of shame at our own feebleness.

His story starts in pre-war Hungary, in the kingdom without a king, ruled by the Admiral without a fleet—and this Alice-in-Wonderland atmosphere is deftly developed, through the even more fantastic period of the communist heyday, when the high priests all began slaughtering one another on their own altars, and people were tortured for believing too much in communism, as well as for believing too little in it. We seem to be on the other side of the looking-glass, in a land where words like 'truth' and 'lies' mean approximately the same thing, knowing that if we lived there much longer we would admit that black is white. (Is it any wonder, then, that some of the refugees arriving in England today are having difficulty in adapting themselves? To 'tell the truth' to the smallest petty official has never occurred to them.)

And then, into this world of monsters, comes the triumphant revolution, shattering in two days the whole skyscraper of rubbish the communists have spent half a century erecting. One almost feels sorry for them, these Marxist-Leninists, that they should commit such cruelty, out of such ignorance—to be destroyed so simply. For Mr. Mikes is rightly proud that his little race, unaided, against the greatest land power in the world, has destroyed communism. This is one of the first books in English on the new Thermopylae. Although more scientific, more 'definitive', treatises will appear, they will do well if they convey only a little of the emotion, violent but controlled, this Hungarian feels about his race.

Mr. Noel Barber in *A Handful of Ashes* tells the day to day story of the revolution, peppering it with plenty of journalese to give it 'man on

the spot' authenticity. This is a valuable document. Mr. Barber was the only newspaper correspondent to get his 'story' to London from Budapest—by driving to the Austrian frontier daily and then returning to the fighting. He deals only with the first stage of the revolution, because he was wounded and out of action by November 4, when the Russians attacked again. His admiration for the Hungarians is boundless, and he adds memorable pen-portraits of two of the Freedom Fighters, a youth and a girl who stayed by his side during the fighting.

If Mr. Mikes' book explains why the revolt broke out, Mr. Barber's conveys the smell of the revolt itself, and the bearing of this quixotic people as they fought alone. Their only support from the West—a moral one—came from men like Mr. Barber. For that alone, we of the West should be grateful to him. He did at least represent us—which is more than Uno, Nato, Unesco, and the rest of the billion-dollar organisations were capable of at this turning point of history.

## Life at Fonthill, 1807-1822, from the Correspondence of William Beckford.

Translated and edited by Boyd Alexander. Hart-Davis. 35s.

Mr. Alexander, who a few years ago gave us the text of Beckford's journals in Spain and Portugal in the seventeen-eighties, has followed them with his letters to his confidential agent, Gregorio Franchi, from the date when he moved into his new but far from completed Fonthill Abbey, 1807, and the date when the whole estate was disposed of. Franchi, whose acquaintance Beckford had made at Lisbon in 1787 and whom he later brought to England, remained more or less in his patron's service until his death in 1828, but (one gathers) by 1807 he had already withdrawn to London, to become the recipient of what appears to have been an almost daily explosion of letters from Fonthill or elsewhere. Of these letters some 1,100 have survived from which Mr. Alexander has made an ample selection.

For the most part, the letters are in Italian—Franchi's father was a native of Naples—though, says Mr. Alexander, they are 'frequently larded with coined words, Portuguese words, French words with Italian endings, and slang in several languages'. Of this queer lingo, the editor has made a most accomplished translation, catching the very accent of Beckford's English. It could not be bettered. He has also supplied an excellent and judicious biographical introduction, a preface to each group of letters, and has shown a noble pertinacity in discovering the points of the many obscure allusions in the text. The excellence of the editing makes one chary of voicing a doubt, but is Mr. Alexander sure that the letter on page 91, 'Friday', is not of a much earlier date than 1810? The references to Bezerra, Cintra, and Collares indicate that it was written in Portugal, where Beckford had not been since 1799.

The period of Beckford's life from which the letters come is that of his waning fortune, when his debts were swelling and ready money was not easily to be found: when the situation of West Indian sugar was precarious and the timber market was declining. He had fallen out with his family solicitors whom he claimed to have cheated him and was now in the hands of the

firm of White and Fownes, who were vainly trying to curb the extravagance of their reckless and elusive client. Some of the more amusing letters are those in which Beckford reveals some childish plot to purchase a coveted picture far beyond his means, or how he has smuggled into the grounds of Fonthill a huge load of building material, thus presenting his mentors with a *fait accompli*.

Beckford, of course, suffered by being deprived by the war of his visits to the Continent as well as being ostracised by polite society. He had an immense talent for acute observation, but it needed to be stimulated by new objects. Quite the best of these letters are those written during a three months' sojourn in London in 1819, when he attended theatres and concerts, spent, much against his will, hours at Westminster on his duties as Member for Hindon, or passed the evening with his old friend Palmella, ex-ambassador for Portugal, who, preferring London, had refused to take up his appointed post at Madrid. No less pleasant are the few letters from Paris in 1814 and 1819.

But too much of the correspondence, it must be owned, is limited to the abbey, its building and embellishment, the stupidities and follies of his employees, the villainies of his dependants, his homosexual hankerings and the state of his health: in the long run, these topics grow tedious. Moreover, Beckford often writes like a crude schoolboy, and the reader tires of over-violent expressions, scatological abuse, smut and self-pity. The faithful Franchi was half-crippled with gout and arthritis, but his patron cannot sympathise without claiming that his own ailments are far more afflicting: 'My sleep is no longer tranquil . . . I'm agitated by the most ridiculous and extravagant dreams. . . . It wouldn't be right to leave you with the mistaken thought that you are the only one who has cause for complaint'. Yet, while the egotism is quite monstrous, it suddenly turns to conscious self-mockery, as if he had perceived that he is being ridiculous. So rapid are the changes, so volatile the spirits, that the reader is only half assured that the transition has been made. It is this talent for the comic that removes much of the grossness from his vanity and snobbery and saves him from being a thundering bore.

## Dostoevsky. His Life and Art

By Avrahm Yarmolinsky. Arco. 30s.

## The Diary of a Writer

By F. M. Dostoevsky. Translated and annotated by Boris Brasol.

W. H. Allen. 45s.

Avrahm Yarmolinsky here gives a revised and enlarged version of a study of Dostoevsky which he originally published in 1934. Its reissue was well worth undertaking, though the book supplements rather than supersedes other works in English. For example, it falls short of E. H. Carr's *Dostoevsky* in intellectual force, humour, and clarity, but being considerably fuller and based on a wider knowledge of the sources, commands no less respect.

It is as a cool and detached, but fascinated analyst that Mr. Yarmolinsky approaches his baffling subject. He has an excellent understanding of Dostoevsky's strange personality and makes many revealing comments on the religious-philosophical content of the novels, belonging to the school which emphasises the atheistic rather than the Christian pole in his author's



'split' and oscillating outlook. He has also many interesting things to say on the aesthetic side, but is here more prone to mistaken evaluations, as when he refers to *The Devils* as 'a great, sprawling, awkward thing' and speaks of 'extreme slovenliness' as a general characteristic of Dostoevsky's style.

The latter comment comes ill from one who is capable of including in a serious work such sentences as, 'Pasha, who was now in his teens, already showed signs of being a bad egg'. We are confronted here with the only serious defect in the book. Mr. Yarmolinsky's own style is not exactly slovenly, but it is very far indeed from being a precision instrument. Internal evidence suggests that this is the result of an imperfect knowledge of English. Words are frequently used incorrectly ('Perhaps he hallucinated'); on other occasions ('Ivan is capable of attempting upon his Heavenly Father') a phrase remains unintelligible except to those who can translate it into Russian.

Mr. Brasol's translation (as with Mr. Yarmolinsky one infers that English is not his native tongue) suffers from the same fault. *The Diary of a Writer*, in which Dostoevsky's style actually did tend to extreme slovenliness, has plenty of difficulties of its own. Mr. Brasol has multiplied them. This might have pleased English participants in the Dostoevsky cult of forty years ago and may still appeal to that diminishing minority which believes that Russian literature neither can be nor should be understood. More serious readers will be grateful for the first translation of the work in spite of rather than because of its obscurities. *The Diary* is a fantastic compound of prophetic screamings, inconsistencies and contradictions. Venomous denunciations of Jews, Turks, Frenchmen, Poles, Englishmen, and Germans alternate with ecstatic homilies on the desirability of universal brotherly love. The reader will find here Dostoevsky's exhortations to his fellow-countrymen to conquer Constantinople, several important short stories, his reports on criminal cases in the courts, his reminiscences of the Russian literary world and an extraordinary hotch-potch of other material—some of it profound, some of it patently idiotic—including, sixty years before the event, a prediction of something very like the atom bomb. Exasperating and confused though so much of it is, this material, consisting of over a thousand pages, is indispensable to a full understanding of the most tantalising of Russian writers.

### The Penguin Book of French Verse: The Nineteenth Century.

Edited by Anthony Hartley.

Penguin Books. 5s.

A few years before his death Paul Eluard compiled an anthology which he called: *Le Meilleur Choix de Poèmes est celui que l'on fait pour soi. 1818-1918*. Obviously the Penguin Books of Verse could not be made from so subjective a basis, and indeed the choices of Eluard and Mr. Hartley, though for the most part drawn from the same poets, infrequently coincide. This is not to say that Mr. Hartley has confined himself to anthology pieces; his selection, while it includes most of the accepted masterpieces, shows great independence of judgement. But it is instructive to compare the two anthologies because it brings to light the only possible quarrel one could have with the Penguin book:

the arbitrary time-division from the volume which will succeed it—and presumably Mr. Hartley was not responsible for this editorial decision.

There is a great deal to be said for Eluard's expedient of bringing the period to a conclusion in 1918, with the death of Apollinaire and the poems being written at that time, just as it



Dostoevsky in 1858

From 'Dostoevsky: His Life and Art'

was important to begin, not with Baudelaire, as Professor Hackett did in his anthology, but with the earlier figures of the romantic movement; too much emphasis can be placed on the dogma that Baudelaire was the founder of modern poetry. The great service of surrealism was that it was a recapitulation of the whole romantic period, so that those who came under its influence could begin to know that tradition not as something to react against (as Apollinaire and Max Jacob, for example, had reacted against Rimbaud) but as something to move forward from. What one might have hoped from this particular volume of the Penguin Books of French Verse is that it could have given greater coherence to the volume which follows it and assisted in giving significance to the poets now writing with a consciousness of the romantic movement behind them. Mr. Eliot long ago reminded us that the emergence of a new poet effects subtle changes in our comprehension of a poetic tradition. There are certain moments when anthologies should be made backwards, from the present into the past, and one such moment is now, when the classic-romantic antithesis which has so long dominated French verse begins to be resolved in the writings of René Char and Francis Ponge. Such an anthology might have become an influence on our own wilting poetry.

It must appear absurdly backhanded to consider Mr. Hartley's volume from the standpoint

of its unpublished successor. For within the range of time allotted to him Mr. Hartley has done excellently; he has written an informative and judicious introduction; he has provided a prose translation which often elucidates the difficulties an English reader may expect to meet; and there is very little to criticise in his choice from individual poets. But if he had been able to continue for a few more years, Valéry, for example, would have been found in his right place—in the same volume as Mallarmé, and Claudel could have been seen in the tradition he was often at pains to disown. No doubt there would have been a shift in the choice of minor figures; but the dropping of Tailhède and Signoret would have allowed room for the inclusion of Germaine Nouveau and a fuller representation of Charles Cros, and the anthology might have ended superbly—instead of tailing-off as it does now—with the *Tremblant* of Leon-Paul Fargue and *La Jolie Rousse* of Apollinaire. Even so, this is an exciting introduction to one of the greatest phases of European writing.

### The Galathea Deep Sea Expedition 1950-52. By Members of the Expedition.

Allen and Unwin. 40s.

Oceanography was established as one of the important branches of science when the British naval vessel the *Challenger* made her famous circumnavigation of the world to explore the depths of the seas in the years 1872 to 1876. Many oceanographic exploring voyages have been made since then, though few have been so long and extensive, but among them the more ambitious expeditions sent out by Denmark are some of the most important. This fascinating book is an account of the voyage of the Danish ship the *Galathea* round the world between 1950 and 1952 during which some of the greatest depths in the sea were explored for the first time.

The sea covers nearly three quarters of the earth's surface and averages more than 4,500 feet in depth, and all this vast volume of water is full of living creatures, sparsely distributed in some places, teeming by millions in others. The biologist studying these animals and plants has to call upon the co-operation of the physicist, the chemist, and the geologist for help in elucidating the problems of the environment in which they live; and upon the help of the sailor, the navigator, and the engineer to enable him to capture them.

The *Galathea* expedition brought back an immense quantity of observations not only in biology, but also in hydrography, geomagnetism, and similar subjects. In addition much valuable ethnological material and information was collected from some of the remote islands at which the ship called.

One of the main objects of the expedition was to find what living things exist in the greatest depths of the ocean, and to discover something of the conditions of their life. These enormous deeps occur in the form of 'trenches'; comparatively narrow cañons with steep sides, excavated below the general level of the surrounding depths. The deepest of them lies to the east of the Philippine Islands, and reaches a depth of about 35,000 feet—more than the height of Everest. In the absolute darkness of the bottom of this trench the temperature of the water is near freezing point and the pressure up to 1,000 atmospheres—about fourteen tons to the square



inch—and in these unimaginable conditions many species of animals were found to be living.

Just as all flesh is grass, so is all animal substance in the ocean derived from the minute plants that float in the upper layers of the sea and make use of the energy of sunlight to build up their bodies from inorganic materials—or so it was thought. But Dr. Bruun, the leader of the *Galathea* expedition, has now shown that this idea is not universally true. Down to a very great depth there is a rain of material descending from this source which provides food for great numbers of creatures. But there is a limit below which everything has been eaten up. The floor of the greatest depths is strewn with debris derived from the land, not from the upper waters of the sea. The trawl brings up waterlogged coconuts, sticks, stems, and the branches of trees, as well as lumps of coal, cinders, and glass bottles, and the land-derived vegetable matter is the ultimate source of the food of the animals that live there. Few if any of them can digest it themselves, but there is a flora of deep-sea bacteria which cannot live at lesser pressures, and which breaks down the cellulose; larger creatures feed upon the bacteria, and larger ones upon them, and so on up to sea anemones and crustaceans.

The total cost of the expedition was about £275,000, some of which was provided by the Danish Government, some was raised by subscription, and some by a legitimate deal on the black market in tobacco. The results obtained are of the highest value directly to oceanography and indirectly to world economics.

### Female Homosexuality. By Frank S. Caprio. Peter Owen. 30s.

The very dearth of works on the subject of female homosexuality (which incidentally Dr. Caprio would attribute in part to man's unconscious refusal to acknowledge the existence of any female sexual gratification that does not depend upon his grace and favour) adds to the difficulties of the reviewer. Children and parents are not the only groups in need of reliable sexual information. Biologists, physicians, teachers and clergymen are woefully lacking in understanding of either normal or abnormal sexuality; even sexologists sometimes require instruction in their own science. Hence the writer on these subjects has to make up his mind whether he will write for the intelligent lay public or confine himself to a scientific treatise for the use of the expert.

Dr. Caprio has elected to kill two birds with one stone and it may be said for his literary marksmanship that he has at any rate succeeded in winging both birds. But he does so at a certain cost. He engages the interest of the lay reader (not a difficult task when dealing with sexual subjects descriptively) only to bemuse him with technical issues which he cannot fairly assess; on the other hand he tantalises his more orientated readers by presenting his psychodynamic theories in a form that is too superficial for accurate scientific assessment. With these twin reservations his book can be safely regarded as a serious contribution to a perplexing subject.

Dr. Caprio, who might be described as a dynamic psychologist of Stekelian persuasion, has succeeded in assembling most of the factors in lesbianism that are now recognised by experienced writers. He has naturally many opinions of his own, being for instance adamant in maintaining that no hereditary or biological factors are involved. Bisexuality (he might just as well have used the term 'polymorphosexuality') in his view is universal and lesbianism is an unconscious defence mechanism, a symptomatic expression of a neurotic personality, a regression to narcissism. Most lesbians, he says, are neurotic, and their neurosis is due to environmental influences, mainly but not exclusively familial. Nevertheless, he goes on, causation is multiple.

Latent homosexuality in woman plays a major role in serious domestic difficulties. It is a 'sociological rather than a physiological phenomenon', and 'moralists must be convinced that sexual inversion never can be completely eradicated'. Finally, regarding treatment, he remarks: 'Lesbians can be cured if they are in earnest in their desire to be cured'.

Needless to say there is much in the book to arouse controversy amongst experts, in particular his view that lesbianism is a neurosis. This runs directly counter, for example, to the Freudian view that a neurosis is 'the negative of a perversion'. But it is scarcely to be expected that explanations of female homosexuality should coincide so long as analytical psychologists are divided as to the essential differences in development of men and women. It is probable however that these differences will be more rapidly eliminated by the analysis of sexual aberrations than by descriptive studies of 'normal' sexuality which are often based on subjective preconceptions of the nature of 'masculinity' and 'femininity'. For this reason alone Dr. Caprio's book can be recommended, not however for pubescent or early adolescent reading. Being at times almost unnecessarily descriptive, it deserves an 'X' rather than an 'A' certificate.

### Letters of Edward Elgar and other writings. Selected, edited and annotated by Percy M. Young. Bles. 42s.

What do we expect from the letters of a creative musician? The question needs answering because it seems that we expect too much. It is a matter that comes again to the fore in this selection of the letters of Edward Elgar, a composer who still counts among those who feel strongly for British music of this century, one whose posthumous fame has become overlaid, not so much with legend as forgetfulness. His letters stimulate memory and arouse our curiosity about his life and times. What have we the right to expect as we read? Is it social gossip? That sort of thing has its value as a historic document and can, as witness Berlioz, be entertaining. Elgar lacked the light touch, as he lacked also the gleeful malice, that makes such reporting worth-while. Those who seek for it here will be disappointed. Yet surely we look for something other, something infinitely more constructive and elusive, some news, straight from the battle front, of why if not how the creative act in art takes place at a given moment. Is it not that information we eagerly scan these letters to find? And how few composers have a word to tell us about it. Apart from their inscrutable music they are a tongue-tied race and Elgar is no exception.

There is almost nothing of that precious ore here. Miss Diana McVeagh in her fine short study of the man and the musician quotes a revealing letter in which Elgar tells Sidney Colvin about 'the dreamy child who used to be found in the reeds by Severn side with a sheet of paper trying to fix the sounds and longing for something very great . . .' At that moment the portrait comes alive and the creative musician fixes us with his glance. Dr. Young, selecting presumably from all Elgar's literary remains, does not include that letter. He appears to be out for a more man-in-the-street creature, a more companionable person, maybe, or at least one more superficially attractive. One is led to conclude that perhaps Elgar was, after all, a most ordinary human being apart from his music. We have no right to expect our heroes to be otherwise and certainly Dr. Young, having made out a strong case for that in his recent book on Elgar, reinforces that case by this selection of letters he has edited and annotated. They do what Elgar probably wanted his letters to do; they hide the inner creative life behind a facade of jocularity and exaggeration. One is left with

the impression of a gentleman such as might be met any day. That rare artist, the composer of the symphonies, seldom appears.

### Background to Gardening. By W. O. James. Allen and Unwin. 18s.

'It is unfortunately true that most botanists know all too little about horticulture, whilst the majority of those keenly interested in gardening have but a meagre acquaintance with advances in botanical knowledge', wrote Sir Edwin Salisbury in *The Living Garden*. So many gardeners are overtaken, as it were, by a passion for gardening when any botany they may have learnt has been forgotten. It is difficult to be an enthusiastic gardener with no garden and it is rare for the young to find themselves settled enough to have one of their own. As a natural consequence, gardeners need books that will explain the reason behind the everyday operations which they do their best to perform without knowing exactly why they perform them. They want to know where old wives' tales end and science begins; to be able to draw the line between superstition and fertility rites on the one hand and sound gardening practice on the other.

Old superstitions are sometimes found to have contained a germ of truth. For hundreds of years before the discovery of penicillin, old Boer women believed in the healing quality of the mould they found growing in jam pots. Also there also good reasons behind the apparently idiotic beliefs held from time immemorial by gardeners? Are p'ants helped by the incessant transplanting that goes on? Is all that digging really necessary? And the busy hoe? What is wrong with clay? Are artificial fertilisers lethal in the end? What do flowers do to invalids during the long watches of the night?

Mr. James is Reader in Botany at Oxford and in this enlightened book he answers these questions and many more. He does so in a way that any gardener can understand; and understand he must now that auxins and hormones can be bought in the village shop and used in making cuttings and killing weeds. So also with fertilisers: there are so many to choose from that it is important to understand their different functions. Seeds are a common source of disappointment. Like all living things they have a more or less limited life and some idea of the span of their vitality is valuable. So also are the treatments, physical, chemical, and mechanical by which their germination can be hastened or facilitated. *Background to Gardening* not only satisfies curiosity: it stimulates it. It will go far to disperse the fog of ignorance which lives over the garden.

### More Nineteenth Century Studies. A Group of Honest Doubters. By Basil Willey. Chatto and Windus. 21s.

Nearly every great thinker of nineteenth-century England—Cardinal Newman was an heroic and isolated exception—suffered a loss of Faith. Some succeeded in finding a substitute; Brougham in scientific knowledge as an instrument of moral improvement, Bentham in utilitarian principles, Darwin in evolution, but many who could no longer believe never ceased to yearn for the treasure they had lost, passing their lives in an agony of doubt, unable to accept religion because it appeared to conflict with scientific truth. To such men Professor Willey has devoted the major part of his second volume of nineteenth-century studies, including in his portrait gallery, Francis Newman, Tennyson, J. A. Froude, Jowett, Mark Pattison, Frederic Harrison, Samuel Wilberforce, and Mark Rutherford. Only in John Morley, his final subject, does he delineate a mind which accepted agnosticism fully and gladly.



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A root cause of this spiritual crisis and its consequent mood of pessimism lay in the inadequate intellectual foundations of nineteenth-century Protestantism. Evangelical religion with its reliance on the Bible, fatally encumbered by the doctrine of verbal inspiration, was deeply vulnerable to the new scientific discoveries characteristic of the century. Men could no longer accept a universal deluge or a span of 6,000 years for the development of the human race since Adam, when science conclusively proved their impossibility. Religion today has surmounted such obstacles, the discoveries of science and the corrosive conclusions of higher Biblical criticism are accepted commonplaces, but in the middle decades of the nineteenth century, the gulf between science and religion appeared unbridgeable and Faith impossible save by a sacrifice of intellectual integrity.

By choosing Francis Newman as his first study, Professor Willey is not only able to exemplify this dilemma, but to contrast him at every point with his brother the Cardinal, and draw a striking parallel between their two careers, which, however different in outcome, were both determined by intellectual scepticism.

John was driven to accept a divinely instituted and guided Church, whose guarantees were the only safeguard of Faith, while Francis, after a lifetime of eccentric experiment, rejected the intellect as the foundation of Faith and grounded it on personal mystical and spiritual experience. Tennyson, whom the author considers next, suffered a similar fate. Transfixed between the truths of science and the claims of religion, he veered between Faith and Doubt, and finally only achieved a synthesis by rejecting doctrine and subordinating his intellect to his feelings. His marathon poem 'In Memoriam' (1850) raised the principal questions which were troubling the Victorian conscience. Is there any purpose in life? Has man an immortal soul? Does evolution disprove religion? Is there a beneficial Providence at work in the Universe? To such queries Tennyson could give no answer, but soothed his readers and himself by bursting forth:

A warmth within the breast would melt  
The freezing reason's colder part,  
And like a man in wrath the heart  
Stood up and answered 'I have felt'.

Such was the conclusion reached by most of the thinkers whom Professor Willey considers,

which in Cardinal Newman's view, was little short of apostasy. As early as 1835 he had denounced 'the so-called religion of heart, without orthodoxy of doctrine' as possessing only 'the warmth of a corpse, real for a time, but sure to fail'. At the time such a view was considered both intolerant and uncharitable, but before the close of the century Newman's prophecy was being realised. Professor Willey does well to close his book with a sketch of John Morley, for with him 'the religion of the heart' led straight to atheism. His emotional feelings towards religion were extremely strong, but his mind was too astringent to confound these with intellectual convictions. This was the point which the liberal clergy and laymen of the nineteenth century, so ably described by Professor Willey, failed to grasp. They thought to purify religion by discarding antiquated dogma, not realising that by doing so they were depriving religion of its rational element and reducing Faith to the level of personal fad. As Professor Whitehead has written, their attack on systematic theology was entirely misconceived. 'They were throwing away the chief safeguard against the wild emotions of superstition'.

## Strategist at Work

**The Turn of the Tide, 1939-1943: A Study based on the Diaries and Autobiographical Notes of Field Marshal the Viscount Alanbrooke, K.G., O.M. By Arthur Bryant. Collins. 30s.**

FIELD MARSHAL LORD ALANBROOKE kept a full (and very racy) diary throughout the war. After the war he gave it up, but wrote recollections or his biography. Coming to the war, he commented on the diary and amplified it. To cook the diary is dishonest, but to expound it later is fair. The writer can legitimately say that here he was unjust and there mistaken. The reader has the option of rejecting the interpretation. The shades of many diarists guilty of undue nastiness or temper must regret that they did not imitate Lord Alanbrooke and are therefore presented naked to the world.

Sir Arthur Bryant makes use of many authorities, but these two manuscripts form the core of his book. He deserves praise on two counts: the skill of his own writing in bringing out the essence of our strategic problems up to the autumn of 1943, and the abnegation—it is that or so vivid a writer—which makes him constantly stand back and let Lord Alanbrooke tell the tale. The sole weakness, if you call it that, is a vein of romantic sentiment in Sir Arthur Bryant. The hero's judgement cannot go wrong. I believe that Lord Alanbrooke was nearly always right but that an objective view can find more to be said for opposing arguments.

There must be a great deal in the diaries that cannot be published today. The establishment of a strategy in war involves a continual wrestling match, or series of them. Here the most vital rises to magnificence. It is that between the Minister of Defence and his foremost professional adviser. Wrestling indeed, and few holds barred! But often they were a team wrestling with others, notably the Americans. The quoted comments of this wrestler between bouts are pungent enough in all conscience, but some of the unquoted must be even more so. These struggles of will and intellect make fascinating reading.

To begin with, however, we find Lord Alanbrooke in another role, that of corps commander in the B.E.F. This is a great story in another sense. The official historian has already told it well, but Sir Arthur Bryant, by keeping the light fixed on Brooke's flank in the retreat, makes it clearer to the uninitiated how masterly was the handling of the flank guard, how staunch, wary, quick-thinking, and tireless was its com-

mander. The diarist's own contributions are vivid too. It is not easy to forget the lunatics, bombed out of their asylum, mopping and mowing in the car lights.

Shortly after his return home Brooke was again in France in command of an effort to aid the French which he knew to be hopeless. Then came the period of reorganisation and training, as G.O.C. Southern Command and later Commander-in-Chief Home Forces. Then the climax, Chief of the Imperial General Staff.

He took over amidst a series of terrible disasters, here, there, and everywhere. He had a score of major problems to solve and follow up, and minor ones from day to day. The paramount feature of his strategy, however, was concerned with the Mediterranean. Only there, in the first instance, could Britain use her traditional strategy of fighting a foe in possession of the European continent where this could be done with good prospect of success. In the second place, success would lead to the reopening of the Mediterranean. And reopening did not involve only the use of those waters as a traffic route, invaluable though that would be. It involved also a great economy in shipping, without which it looked unlikely that invasion of north-west Europe could be mounted. Thirdly, he hoped to invade Italy, knock her out of the war, and by the various threats inherent in such action hold away from western Europe—and Soviet Russia—a German force big enough to compensate for the effort involved.

These things were accomplished. They took a long time, however, and cost a physical and mental effort such as few men have put forth and survived whole and sound. Sir Winston Churchill's method of conducting business, those talks prolonged till 3 a.m. for instance, was one handicap. But the great struggle was with the American planners, who yearned for invasion of France in 1942 and strove to compel it to be tried in 1943. The C.I.G.S. knew his subject thoroughly. He could expound it cogently. Yet he lacked the graces of a Dill or an Alexander that charmed the Americans. He was not their notion of a good fellow at the conference table, though delightful in social life. They hated the possibility of being 'bogged

down' in the Mediterranean. They fought and kicked. Sometimes they even thought 'Brookie' was double-crossing them.

He had to endure not only intolerable strain but a number of set-backs. Admiral King, all for the Pacific and war on Japan, was left to a large extent uncontrolled by his own people, to say nothing of the Combined Chiefs of Staff. Though priority had been given to the defeat of Germany, he poured maritime resources into the Pacific. He got wonderful results, but at the expense of the war with Germany. Otherwise Brooke's policy with regard to Italy would have borne fruit more rapidly.

Here is a specimen of angry criticism in the diary. Lord Alanbrooke writes that General Marshall missed the essence of 'a strategic problem. He had not even read the plans worked out by Morgan for the cross-Channel operation and consequently was not even in a position to begin to appreciate its difficulties and requirements'. Yet he became the warm admirer of Marshall and his achievement. This was the case with other men and their ideas.

The extent of the triumph was, however, as Sir Arthur Bryant emphasises, very great, far greater than is generally realised even now. The blows that fell on Germany in and through the Mediterranean were heavier and hurt more than even those who dealt them knew at the time or for long afterwards. It is hard to see how a better policy could have been found to fit that phase of the war. On the other hand, a premature attempt to come to close quarters and fight the full might of Germany hand to hand must have led to a frightful disaster and would possibly have led to the abandonment of all hope of undertaking that final invasion which was as dear to Brooke's heart as to the hearts of the Americans.

I have hinted that there is a lot of strong stuff here. I think I myself would have blue-pencilled one or two comments on Sir Winston. But, all said and done, he emerges as more tremendous than ever. It is also made clear that in general he took honest and intelligent professional advice in the long run, even when he found it highly unpalatable. The literature by him and on him would be incomplete without this contribution.

CYRIL FALLS



# CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

## Television Broadcasting

### DOCUMENTARY

#### The Human Problem

THE DOCUMENTARY FILM 'Out', produced by the United Nations Department of Public Information, which the B.B.C. presented last week, is designed to keep alive our sympathy for the Hungarian refugees. The opening passages show scenes on the Hungarian-Austrian border—figures hurrying over rough country, falling, scrambling up and hurrying on; transported across a river in boats hauled by ropes from the opposite bank; carried by motor-bus to the refugee camp at Traiskirchen. The anxiety, exhaustion, and homelessness of the refugees are poignantly conveyed and even more so the long waiting in a vacuum of idleness, listlessness, and the discomforts and lack of privacy in the overcrowded camp, for the long-delayed opportunity to emigrate to their chosen destination. The film achieved its purpose the more directly and effectively by leaving out any reference to political or military questions. Neither Russia nor the recent events in Hungary were mentioned, nothing indeed except the immediate circumstances and problems of these desperately unhappy people.

Troubles of a smaller but not necessarily less complex kind are the themes of 'Is This Your Problem?' This series must be very helpful not only to those who submit their problems and have them discussed and sometimes solved during the programmes but also to viewers who may have revealing light thrown by them on their own difficulties. So far, I have not had any problems of my own ventilated either directly or indirectly; all the same, I find these programmes well worth switching-on from time to time because of the great interest and variety of the human problems presented, problems which crop up, as it must often seem to those concerned in them, for quite unaccountable reasons.

'The Brains Trust' approaches human affairs in their more general aspects. It is what might be called an intellectual entertainment since it

appeals to our wits rather than our emotions and enables us to hear and see and, if we wish, participate, though unheeded, in one of the most delightful activities of civilised life, intelligent conversation. Since the installation of my television set on November 30 'The Brains Trust' has only twice slipped slightly below its admirably high standard, and last Sunday's meeting with a team consisting of Margaret Mead, Julian Huxley, Marghanita Laski, and A. J. Ayer, with Norman Fisher as question-

on a garden-party of earlier days displayed in the lively party manners of the basset hound, dog of the world if ever there was one, and the tolerant boredom of the over-admired and over-dressed bitch 'Champion Snowdrop'. As for the cats, Doctor Leyhausen discussed with James Fisher some of his discoveries and theories of cat behaviour in various circumstances and illustrated them in a film that showed fascinating and amusing shots, especially the one in which a tom cat went through the highly conventional procedure—the acid

green sidelong look, the formidable crouch, the feint attack—of ejecting an intruder. My thoughts dropped back to a passage in 'Panorama' a few days earlier when Peter Goldman (Conservative) and G. W. Reynolds (Labour) each in turn prophesied the effects of the imminent Rent Act and took the chance to shoot an acid gibe at his opponent. Luckily Mr. Dimbleby was in the offing to prevent bloodshed. These salutary hints from the animal world warn us not to take ourselves too seriously.

It was a good number of 'Panorama'. Among other items were the Minister of Transport's cheering replies to questions by Christopher Chataway on plans for coping with London traffic when petrol once more flows free and in the more distant future, and a graphic answer to an inquiry from young people in Moscow about that evasive customer the Loch Ness Monster, an answer which much increased my faith in my

own tantalising glimpse of him from a railway carriage window on a day when he was paying a visit to Loch Carron which he was evidently enjoying very much. Sceptics take the view that he was more probably a school of porpoises.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG



A scene from 'Out', the United Nations film about Hungarian refugees televised on February 13

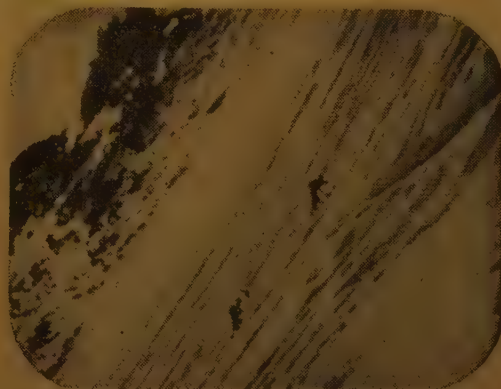
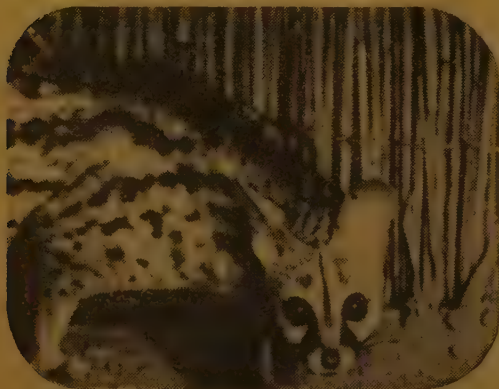
master, was one of the most intelligent and lively. I became so involved in the discussions that I forgot to jot down the questions and the only ones I recall at the moment are 'What is vulgarity?' and 'Ought the mentally defective to be sterilised?'

It might be thought that a few words on a 'Look' broadcast with 'Cats' for its subject would not enter very aptly into an article concerned with human matters. Nothing could be further from the truth. The behaviour of animals, especially the more domesticated, often provides an uncomfortably satirical commentary on our own, as I realised a week before when I watched 'Cruft's Dog Show'—a perfect skit

### DRAMA

#### Spills and Thrills

'THE QUEEN and the Rebels' may not be more than a genuinely competent play—that, in itself, is applause—but I do not think it needs to be termed a 'thriller'. This label, attached to the television revival, seemed to me to be cheapening,



'Look: Cats' on February 13—(left) a civet and (right) a fisher cat

Photographs: John Cura

Climbing an ice slope on the Matterhorn: from a film in 'Travellers' Tales' on February 15





Patricia Jessel as Argia and Stephen Murray as Amos, with George Pravda (background) as a porter, in a scene from 'The Queen and the Rebels' on February 14



'Mayors' Nest' on February 17 with (left to right) David Bird as Alderman Douglas Goodrich, George Benson as Sidney Satterthwaite, and Joan Hickson as Mrs. Hilda Yeo

as if it were pasted on in a desperate effort to drag waverers to the set.

'Thrill', to the Elizabethan ear, was a summoning word. Certainly it was when Juliet said 'I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins'; or Claudio was dreading something after death—'to reside in thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice'. Today it has become almost meaningless, as dead a word on the page as 'colourful', 'convincing' (applied to a performance), or the transiently modish 'engaged'. Still, a little cloud of associations must hover over the corpse: it is a pity that this had to blur so serious a play as Ugo Betti's.

Over here, Betti has disappointed us. 'The Burnt Flower-Bed' was too portentous, 'Summertime' too flimsy, and 'Crime on Goat Island' (done only on sound-radio) too extravagantly heated. But 'The Queen and the Rebels' did come through in the theatre—though it had an oddly short London life—and it grew with acquaintance in Henry Reed's fine version. It is, we remember, the tale of Argia, defiant, humiliated 'daughter of the game' who, at one moment, is told that not a square inch of her is decent, and who, before half an hour is out, learns that her bearing, her 'obvious refinement and breeding', belong to a Queen. As a Queen she must die. The courtesan, treated regally, assumes regality. The play is a transfiguration.

What we had on television was simpler, an invention about mistaken identity. It became, in effect, neo-Ruritanian melodrama, compelling of its kind but with fewer reasons than one had hoped for shaking off that word 'thriller'. Betti is asking us to think nobly of the soul, to watch a woman rise to meet martyrdom. Rudolph Cartier's production came through as a frontier incident that seemed to lack only a last-minute clatter of hooves that should have saved the condemned as her firing squad formed.

Yet again, a play had to be pushed and jammed into ninety minutes. This inflexible time-limit is preposterous. With rare exceptions, a dramatist can be given full range only on the Third Programme. Must we believe that on the earliest tick of the ninety-first minute, every listener falls asleep as at a word of command? In 'The Queen and the Rebels' the fanatical Commissar suffered more than the others from cuts; fortunately, Stephen Murray, master of the bleak, curt monosyllable, had undeviating force and could always suggest eloquence. Patricia

Jessel's Argia would certainly expand in a theatre. It was a performance of the sharpest outline without the sudden spiritual depth of Irene Worth's last scenes. I admired Annette Carell's real Queen broken by fear, a rich small part. Mr. Cartier (with some ingeniously grouped shots) had toiled to fill the unforgiving minute with sixty seconds' worth of distance run. But the play had dwindled. I kept thinking of that hack headline, 'Thrills and Spills', everywhere familiar in the early days of speedway racing.

'Gaslight' a few weeks ago—choose your label for that—contained the Barlow Rubies. 'Mayors' Nest', on Sunday, was about the Farthingham Ruby. Plenty of farcical spills here: the dramatists, Pauline and John Phillips, never pretended for one chopped comma that their piece was anything more than a caper. For me the capering faltered midway. In fact, the graph resembled that of a rather different piece, 'Dr. Faustus': all well at beginning and end, dejection in the middle.

The first minutes, with George Benson as a toothy potential mayor, promised some civic jinks, and David Bird, now an alderman, was blessedly at hand, using that voice like warm honey with the hint of a raisin and some powdered nuts. The end had an agreeable superfluity of mayors, but the central scenes scrambled along—no relief there, though Stuart Surge, the producer, had worked and worked, and we had one pleasant passage on the 'Are You a Mason?' plan, impostors confronting each other. In spite of the cheerful presence of Moira Lister, I felt ungallantly that the occasion belonged to Benson and Bird, with David Stoll looking in as a singularly unlikely alderman. By the way, somebody should explain, very loudly and clearly, that reporters do not also take photographs. It does not really matter in farce, but elsewhere it is a tiresome convention.

Our serials come, as a rule, in half-hour packets. The second half-hour of 'Kenilworth' flowered, as one had hoped, with Elizabeth (Maxine Audley) in progress over Raleigh's cloak. We left Leicester about to reply to the Queen's leading question on Amy Robsart. (More thrills next week.) 'Peter Simple'—here only twenty-five minutes at a time—ended with the Wicked Uncle's suicide after O'Brien had killed Hawkins, and Peter had been released from a madhouse (in the previous instalment he was aboard the *Rattlesnake*). Good stuff, zest-

fully managed; more enjoyable than either a 'divertissement' called 'Hearts and Flowers'—why the sudden publicity for valentines this year?—or letter 'J' in the 'A to Z' show-business alphabet. J for Jazz; and some of the sounds tore Hell's concave and frightened the reign of Chaos and old Night.

J. C. TREWIN

#### Sound Broadcasting

### DRAMA

#### Displaced Persons

ON BROADWAY seven years ago Chekhov's 'The Cherry Orchard' was transplanted, like other historic European residences, to an American setting. The title was changed to 'The Wistaria Trees', the characters became genteel aristocrats of the Old South who played Frog and Mouse to amuse the coloured children while the estate was being auctioned off. Noel Coward emerged from the theatre with the perfect epitaph: 'A month in the *wrong* country'. Last week the Third Programme, apparently intent on suicide, gave what was probably the first English professional production of a play that will stand close comparison with 'The Cherry Orchard'—particularly in its ending, and in having deep national roots, in this case in Spain. Frederick Bradnum had this exquisite piece spoken in broad Irish by an Irish cast, but left the names and places unchanged. According to the programme this was 'Dona Rosita La Soltera, a Poem of Granada by Federico Garcia Lorca' (the announcer even, correctly, used the Spanish pronunciation of 'Garcia'). According to me it was an aesthetic outrage.

I must try to be fair to Mr. Bradnum, who has done some useful work for the B.B.C. both as writer and as producer, not least in his other production last week. I take it that his reasoning went somewhat like this. We have hardly any Spanish actresses. Our listeners are too cut off from modern Spain to supply their own local colour. Lorca has been compared, as a folk-playwright, to Synge. Ireland, like Spain, still has a Catholic peasantry and a natural eloquence, in a familiar idiom. So let's make Dona Rosita a Rose of Tralee. If that was the idea it was about as sensitive as supposing that because Celtic legends underlie the fairy-lore of 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' Oberon might as well be called O'Beron and brought on brandishing a shillelagh. Lorca is about as Irish as Synge is Spanish.



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'Dona Rosita' is, or should be, a poetic-tragi-comedy of breath-taking beauty. It opens with talk of a rose which blooms red in the morning, turns white in the afternoon, and whose petals fall the same night. Dona Rosita is a human flower of this sort, hers is a glassed-in life of wilting and waiting for the return of the man who was to have married her and who never comes back. The life cycle of the rose is a day, Rosita's twenty-five years are concentrated into the dramatic time of a single evening. The effect is as lovely as the visible blossoming and falling of prairie flowers at the climax of one of Mr. Disney's memorable nature films. But in the B.B.C. production it was only a quarter of a century in the wrong country.

The Drama Department has never before, as far as my listening goes, done anything quite so dreadful as this banshee of the rose. But I do notice that Europe tends to be its dark Continent, which is very odd. Regional atmosphere is invariably admirable in Scots, Welsh, Irish, West Country, or Cockney plays. America is more patchy, but was brilliantly evoked in Martyn C. Webster's production of Garson Kanin's 'The Rat Race', which was revived on Monday in the Home Service 'Against the Wind' series. (Yolande Donlan is excellent in this down-town morality of sex and sax, in which the horns are not, in the English sense anyway, connected with cuckoldry.) Nor did Frederick Bradnum fail to produce a useful impression of Chinese and native characters and environment in the Saturday play in the same series, an adaptation of a Joseph Conrad yarn of an old sea-captain in Malayan straitened circumstances, 'The End of the Tether'.

But where Europe is involved there seems sometimes to be a supposition that atmosphere doesn't matter, when it does. (I don't say that there are *no* plays in which the original national environment is inessential.) I gave a sour smirk on Wednesday, when Oscar Quitak said, in Michael Bakewell's Light Programme production, 'It's not my fault if I haven't got much regional accent'. For this piece, in which Jean Kent was oddly cast as Fanny, and which was alleged to be an adaptation of Marcel Pagnol's 'César', might almost as well have been happening at Margate as at Marseilles, as far as the resolutely English voices were concerned.

But Marcel Pagnol can look after himself; he has that superb film trilogy, *Lorca* is the casualty with which I am concerned here. He is probably the greatest European poet to write for the theatre, since the first world war. If Spain now keeps very quiet about him (Latin America does not) that may be because he was killed by Falangists. Paris has published a complete translation of his works and produced most of his plays in the past few years. The London professional theatre has not got beyond 'Blood Wedding'. Even the B.B.C., which put Ugo Betti and others on the English theatrical map, had given only one short *Lorca* play in the last five years—until *Lorca* was murdered again in last week's damnable 'Dona Rosita'. I appeal for early amends, preferably with a producer who has some Spanish blood, a Roy Campbell translation, and a cast at least able to attempt Andalusian acting.

ROY WALKER

## THE SPOKEN WORD

### Broadcasts for Schools

AT THEIR HIGHEST LEVEL, the powers of the B.B.C. are presumably now meeting for regular discussions on the shape of the reformation of sound broadcasting, assessing the arcane figures of the Audience Research Department, wondering how many Professor Ayers are worth one Mr. Terry-Thomas in isotope terms. The correspondence columns of *The Times* are preparing for full-scale public discussion of the reforma-

tion, and already the academic world has begun its campaign there to preserve the Third Programme immaculate and unsullied. Mr. Peter Laslett sounded a clear and defiant note when he described the Third Programme as 'the most interesting and important broadcasting in the world'. Undoubtedly it is; its effects during the ten years of its existence must be incalculable.

Another correspondent in *The Times*, Mr. M. H. Barnes, agreed that the Third Programme must be retained at all costs, but was clearly worried about the modifications that would arise from the amalgamation of the Home Service and the Light Programme. 'The intelligent, adult listeners', he said, 'would presumably face the grim prospect of school broadcasting, sport, excruciating noises, family serials, and so on'. I was interested in Mr. Barnes' references to school broadcasting, as I was in the middle of listening to the week's school programmes—a part of the service I had never heard before.

I wonder how much school broadcasting Mr. Barnes has heard. From my tasting of the average of fifty-four programmes which the School Broadcasting Department produces each week—and taking into account any latent infantilism in me—I should have thought most intelligent adults would find plenty of good listening here. The intellectual level is higher than much that is produced for adults on the Home Service and all that comes from the Light Programme. After all, schoolchildren *do* spend their days on a far higher plane than most of their working parents; a primary school-boy is slogging away at Euclid while his father is perhaps applying his lost geometry to the laying of bricks, a schoolgirl is reading a speech by Cleopatra while mother is doing the smalls. Where in the Home Service, at normal times, would one hear a relayed talk, in French, about the problems of the provincial theatre in France, or hear M. Max Bellancourt on 'Les Idées Revolutionnaires avant 1789'? During the week I heard a feature on Cincinnatus by Miss Margaret J. Miller, was well-informed, during a Current Affairs talk, on various aspects of the emigration problem, and in a series on the primitive peoples of the world was told something about life in a Maya village in the Yucatan.

The method of expression in these programmes is certainly simple, but there seems to be a successful avoidance of any attempt to play down or talk down to the children, who are no doubt flattered to be treated as little adults. I gather, in fact, that many adults are regular listeners to these programmes.

School Broadcasting has a complicated set-up. The B.B.C. didn't want to make its organisation their monopoly, so they formed and financed a School Broadcasting Council, representing the organised educational world—associations of teachers, local education authorities, etc. The original council was formed in 1929 by Miss Mary Somerville, who was the pioneer of the service, and re-formulated in 1947. Wisely, the Council was given full powers to decide on the character of the programmes rather than to act as a mere advisory body. Its wishes—or dictates—are translated into actual broadcasting by the School Broadcasting Department, under Mr. Scupham. The aim of the Department is to draw upon 'the entire available talent of the community' in the commissioning of the scripts, talks, and dramatised features. I noticed that some emphasis is put on dramatisation, particularly in history and geography, and obviously its usefulness has been proved. But it seemed to me that the straightforward narrative part of the feature on Cincinnatus was more interesting and easier to follow than the dramatic part; just as I find Gibbon's account of the Empress Theodora infinitely more entertaining than any novelised version of her life.

The school audience for the broadcasts must be vast. Nearly 30,000 schools are registered as listening to one or more series, which is 74 per cent. of the total number of schools in the United Kingdom. Most of the programmes are intended for children in the primary and secondary modern schools, but a proportion of time is devoted to the special minority needs of the grammar schools, who seem to form a kind of juvenile Third Programme audience.

The importance of the work of School Broadcasting in supplementing the hard-worked teaching staffs of English schools is self-evident, and I imagine that no economies are contemplated here. If Mr. Barnes, and others like him, are on the look-out for intelligent morning listening they do not have far to go. I am myself making a resolution to become a weekly devotee of Intermediate German.

MICHAEL SWAN

## MUSIC

### Walton's New Concerto

WHAT A WEEK!—a hitherto unknown opera by Wolf-Ferrari, a new orchestration of an old piece by Schönberg, Sir William Walton's Violoncello Concerto, Puccini's 'Tritico', Rossini's Mass, and Bruckner's String Quintet. It is difficult to know where to begin with all this new or quasi-new or unfamiliar, and all interesting, music.

Still, Walton's concerto may lay claim to first place in our consideration by reason of its absolute novelty, its excellence as a composition, and its larger audience. Entirely characteristic both in form and content, the concerto seems to me at a first hearing to surpass Walton's previous works in this form for viola, and violin respectively. It has a grander stature, a more noble serenity befitting the very nature of the violoncello.

In form the new work is completely satisfying. As usual, Walton opens with a lyrical movement, not with the conventional *Allegro*, makes his central movement a Scherzo in the 'spiky' manner he first employed in 'Façade' and lately used to characterise Pandarus, and then, following Elgar's example, puts the greatest substance into the finale. As in the Violin Sonata, this finale is a set of variations on a theme (which surely is 'anxious' enough to satisfy Professor Adorno) whose conflict is resolved by way of a cadenza in a return to the opening. Such a *reprise* may be just an easy way out of a difficulty, but (again as in Elgar's concerto) it here has the inevitability of a stroke of genius.

Apart from the quality of its musical context, the concerto is beautifully written for the solo instrument, and scored with a transparency that completely solves one of the notorious problems of composition—how to write a concerto for violoncello so that the solo is never overwhelmed by the orchestra, while the orchestration avoids sounding thin and bare. And how grandly it was played by Piatigorsky, whose great and noble tone over the whole range of his instrument sang out, as for the heart, in finely shaped melody!

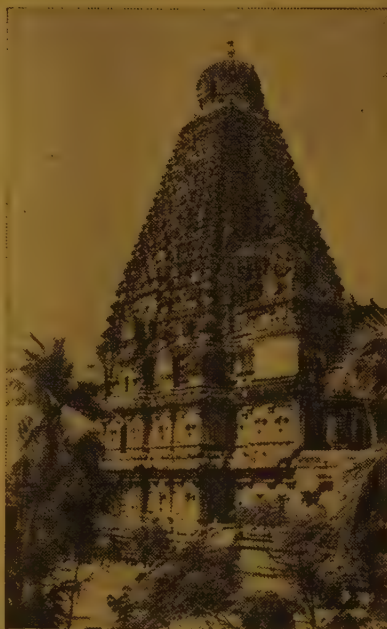
I mention Bruckner's Quintet next, because it proved the most agreeable surprise of the week. Confined to the quintet medium, Bruckner was compelled to forget the organ-loft. He did not, indeed, become terse in utterance nor in the first movement did he avoid the 'stop-and-go' progress familiar in his symphonies. But the ideas are all charming and are well worked out in a real chamber-music style. The Scherzo is attractive in its characteristically lumbering good humour. But it is in the slow movement that Bruckner rises to unexpected heights in a sustained composition carried through to a dramatic climax with a complete mastery I should not have expected of him. This is surely unsurpassed in the chamber-music of his time and, were it not that the work is immensely long



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and rather let down by the finale, it would have taken its place in the select repertory of string quintets beside Mozart's and Brahms'. It was beautifully played by the Element Quartet with Frank Venton.

Later on Saturday evening, Sir Malcolm Sargent, who was also the conductor of Walton's concerto, directed the second of two performances of Rossini's 'Petite Messe Solennelle' which, as I have remarked elsewhere, is neither short nor particularly solemn. But it is, despite its facetious dedication, a perfectly serious religious work, and I must protest at the statement that Rossini produced it 'for the entertainment of his friends at one of his gay Parisian afternoons'. It was, in fact, given a most carefully prepared performance at the house of Countess Pillet-Will and made a profound impression on

a distinguished gathering of musicians among whom Meyerbeer was quite 'bowled over' by the fugue 'Cum Sancto Spiritu'. Hearing it the other night one could understand his enthusiasm, for it is a magnificent setting and shows that Rossini had studied to some purpose the volumes of the Bachgesellschaft edition, to which he proudly drew Wagner's attention, yet without sacrificing his musical personality. Of course, much of the music is 'operatic', which was the only style Rossini knew. But his Mass surely needs no more defence on that score than Verdi's 'Requiem', on which Guiseppina said the last word. Using the later orchestrated version, Sargent obtained an impressive performance, though the soloists sometimes seemed intimidated by their music. Helen Watts (in 'O Salutaris') and Trevor Anthony, the bass, had the

greatest opportunities and made the best use of them.

Wolf-Ferrari's 'The Widow's Stratagem', which was given two most accomplished performances by a picked cast under Stanford Robinson, has a first-rate operatic theme in its widow's assumption of four different characters and nationalities to test her suitors, but Wolf-Ferrari's musical invention was insufficient to create atmosphere and character distinctive enough to get over in a radio performance. I can imagine the opera succeeding at Sadler's Wells, whence came a first-rate performance of Puccini's triple-bill which exemplifies to the full what I mean by the creation of character and atmosphere. I heartily recommend it to those in search of good operatic entertainment.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

## The Violin Concerto in Modern Times

By HANS KELLER

Roberto Gerhard's Violin Concerto will be broadcast at 6.0 p.m. on Friday, March 1 and 7.50 p.m. on Saturday, March 2 (Third Programme)

**R**ABBI, asked his favourite student, 'does man live outwards from within, or inwards from without?' The sage sank into meditation. 'I think', he said as he emerged, 'we are able to go so far as to say, yes'. The student nodded in deep admiration which, as I hope the reader will agree by next week, was not altogether unjustified.

Does the violin concerto live from within (the violin) outwards, or inwards from without? That depends on the composer, who, for one thing, may or may not be a violinist. Most of the great classical composers fiddled well as a matter of course. Bach, Haydn, and Mozart wrote wholly from within the instrument. The violin problem started with Beethoven, who played the violin too so far as he could hear it; but he had his own ideas about it. The autograph of the Beethoven Concerto shows four staves for the solo part—space, that is, for revisions after trial. There is an apocryphal story attached to the technical problems of the work. Schuppanzigh (not, incidentally, its performer) drew Beethoven's attention to what he regarded as 'an unplayable passage'. 'Do you think', Beethoven replied, 'that I was thinking of your wretched fiddle when the spirit spoke to me?'

If this conversation never took place, Schuppanzigh and Beethoven were guilty of an unpardonable historical omission, for the Concerto, though widely regarded as the greatest ever, does really live 'into' the violin from without. Theoretically, it no longer offers any exceptional technical difficulties nowadays, yet the technique of one of our greatest living violinists sounds more inhibited in it than in Paganini. With its problems and its dominating attitude towards the solo instrument, Beethoven's was in fact the first modern violin concerto. As if to prove the fact, it does not seem to have seen a second performance in his lifetime.

History, however, does not always behave historically, and sometimes refuses to follow the text-book commandment, 'Let there be problematic romanticism after classical perfection!' Pace Mozart, who wrote his fiddle concertos at the age of nineteen, the *genre* did not in fact reach perfect maturity until after it had entered the problematic stage. The violin was not the ideal concerto instrument for what, historically, we call the 'classical' style; and if 'classical' means anything at all artistically, the greatest classical violin concerto is a romantic one—Mendelssohn's: its originality, passion, and utter structural and textural perfection have been obscured by our age's anti-romantic bias.

Mendelssohn, an adept violinist, wrote wholly out of the spirit of the instrument. Nevertheless, virtuosity had developed to an extent that made him seek the advice of Ferdinand David, his distinguished leader at the Leipzig Gewandhaus. Advice-giving has never stopped since: Brahms and Joachim, Berg and Krasner, Gerhard and Brosa, Shostakovich and Oistrakh are outstanding examples. From our rabbi's standpoint, it is instructive to observe that the composition of the Brahms Concerto, the extreme case of a towering creation for the violin that lives inwards from without, was aided by, perhaps, the only violin virtuoso who ever wrote, not just a thoroughly natural and brilliant concerto, but a considerable musical masterpiece: Joachim's 'Hungarian' Concerto, Op. 11, may be said to mark the end of the period of classical violin concertos.

The problematic stage had been going on simultaneously, and in our own era it has developed into a crisis. The evolution of technique has reached a point where the adviser has to be advised; it seems, for instance, that Krasner's help in the Berg Concerto was not entirely successful.\* At the same time, the development of orchestral writing has rendered the problem of accompanying the violin, always 'a very ticklish matter' (Bartók to Sziget), more ticklish than ever. On a deeper level, there is the contemporary fear of romanticism; the crisis of extended melody, due to the weakening of the diatonic cadence; the emergence of unrestrained aggression which would turn the violin into a percussion instrument; and the advent of a contrapuntal age which challenges the very *raison d'être* of an 'accompanied' solo line, and even influences those styles adhering to homophony.

The negative results of this crisis have been a drought in the realm of violinistic concertos and an abundance of works which either kill the instrument with malice aforethought, *i.e.* through the solo part itself, or else let it be killed through criminal negligence, *i.e.* by the orchestra. And most of the few works which do heed the character of the instrument relapse into antiquated styles and ideas, such as the superficially brilliant concerto by Mario Peragallo (1953) which, officially written in 'strict serial technique', evinces some difficulty in getting itself out of G minor.

Among the positive results of the crisis are the concertos by Britten (1939, but still in the process of minor revision) and Gerhard (1942-45), which turn our age's stings into stimuli.

Britten, a violinist, listens to the instrument like Mendelssohn, Gerhard treats it like Beethoven. Both relegate their well-controlled percussive tendencies to where they belong—to the orchestra. Britten's Concerto has in fact a striking three-bar opening of pure percussion; while Gerhard, who rolls his opening sonata and his serial scherzo into one, scores the latter for strings with harp and piano, and percussion consisting of timpani, suspended cymbal, vibraphone, xylophone, tambourine, castanets, large tam-tam, and three Chinese tom-toms. The piano, incidentally, is used throughout the work in the most original fashion.

Again, both composers give a cautious yet positive answer to the question of polyphony. Britten's finale, which clinches the cyclic structure of the work, reintroduces his pet form into the *genre*—the passacaglia, which Bach had been the last to use in violin concertos, and to which Shostakovich's recent Op. 99 likewise reverts. The movement is Britten's own first passacaglia and there were better to come, but as a piece of substantial and characteristic concerto writing it remains of supreme importance.

Gerhard in his turn approximates to the passacaglia principle in the slow part of his *alternativo* middle movement, a serial (though not atonal) chorale that pays homage to his teacher Schönberg, as his finale does to Sarasate. Chorale variations and harmonisations formed a central part of Schönberg's traditional teaching, and the form had previously cropped up in Berg's Violin Concerto as well as in 'Lulu'. Gerhard moreover uses here, very audibly, the tone-row of Schönberg's fourth Quartet (D—C sharp—A—B flat—F—E flat—E—C—A flat—G—F sharp—B), and shares the twelve-tone giant's predilection for the inversion at the fifth below. What one might call the sub-serial integration of this intense *largo* with its alternating, tonal *allegretto*, is a masterstroke of the highest order, giving the complete lie to those dodecaphonies who maintain that twelve-tonality and tonality are mutually exclusive.

Britten, then, exploits the violin; Gerhard educates it. The two approaches are complementary, not like pieces of a jigsaw puzzle, but with the tension of polarity between them, like, say, the Conservative and Labour Parties. The rabbi evidently knew what he wasn't talking about: had he talked more, he would have said less, for he wanted to say 'yes' not only to both possibilities but also, paradoxically, to the student's 'or'—to their polarity.

\* See 'Berg's Violin Concerto: A Revision', by Max Rostal and the present writer, *The Musical Times*, February, 1954



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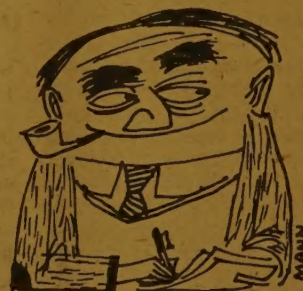
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# Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

## MOTHER AND BABY

AN UNUSUALLY interesting book, published about two weeks ago, is *The Child and the Family*, by D. W. Winnicott (Tavistock Publications, 15s.). It is compiled from a series of broadcast talks by a children's doctor, who is also a child psychiatrist. But do not let that alarm you. This book is written in simple, direct English and is remarkably free from technical jargon.

The author sets out to show what is going on between a mother and her baby, and how a mother can best give the baby the security it needs. By security I mean much more than feeding, clothing, and so on. These things of course are important, but even more important is to help the baby to deal with its own feelings. Babies, even tiny babies, have feelings of love and hate which may be tremendously strong and very frightening. A baby who is able to express these feelings fully without disturbing its mother is indeed fortunate and gets a big start on the road to becoming a civilised and well-adjusted adult.

The author of this book believes that a mother who is devoted to her baby and who follows her own instinctive feelings will probably make a good job of these things, and, further, that a child who can learn to love and hate freely without becoming unduly frightened of these feelings will later come naturally to be interested in its parents' wishes and will hardly need training in the accepted sense. In this book for the first time, so far as I am concerned, I found a reasonable and simple explanation of how and why an infant's relations with its mother may be so important in its later character and development. And there follows the possibility of doing something to prevent some of those personality diffi-

culties, maladjustments, and so on, which are so difficult to alter later on. I found the author's imaginative reconstruction of the feelings of a mother towards her baby and of a baby towards its mother fascinating, simply as a piece of description. And I liked the writing and the style. A good book, which might have taken as its sub-title words from a recent musical: 'Doing what comes naturally'.

A DOCTOR

## A SIMPLE SOUP

Melt about 2 ounces of butter in a saucepan and put in 1 chopped onion, 2 or 3 small carrots cut into tiny, fine rings, a stick of celery cut up small, a chopped tomato, and any other vegetable you fancy. Sweat them in the butter for a few minutes, but do not let them get brown. Add 3 breakfastcups of water or stock. (I save, for not more than two days, the water from sprouts, potatoes, and any greens, and this makes a good vegetable stock for such soup.) Bring to the boil, add a twist of vermicelli crushed into the stock from your hand, pepper, and salt, and simmer until all the vegetables are tender.

MOLLY WEIR

## STUFFED STEWED APPLES

If you are not using your oven, stuffed stewed apples are worth thinking about as a change from baked apples. Choose the smaller cookers, peel and core them, and cook them whole in a syrup made from 4 ounces of sugar to every  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of water. Turn them occasionally and take care not to over-cook or break them. Place them in your serving dish, and fill the centres with red jam, mixed with nuts or dried fruit. Boil the

syrup to thicken it, and pour round the apples. Serve cold with custard or cream.

ANNE WILD

## Notes on Contributors

- JOHN MIDGLEY (page 291): Foreign Editor of *The Economist*; formerly Bonn correspondent of *The Times*; has recently returned from a visit to the Federal Republic
- BRIAN CROZIER (page 293): on the staff of *The Economist*; formerly a news-agency correspondent at Viet-Nam; has recently visited the Far East
- ANDREW SHONFIELD (page 295): Foreign Editor of the *Financial Times*
- D. W. BROGAN (page 299): Professor of Political Science, Cambridge University; author of *Introduction to American Politics, Roosevelt and the New Deal*, etc.
- W. T. ASTBURY, F.R.S. (page 300): Professor of Biomolecular Structure and Hon. Reader in Textile Physics, Leeds University; author of *Textile Fibres under the X-rays, Fundamentals of Fibre Structure*, etc.
- EDWARD BLISHEN (page 303): author of *Roaring Boys*
- IAIN FLETCHER (page 305): author of *Orisons Picaresque and Metaphysical*
- H. L. BEALES (page 307): formerly Reader in Economic History, London University; author of *Industrial Revolution*, etc.
- CYRIL FALLS (page 319): Emeritus Professor, Oxford, since 1953; Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford University 1946-53; military correspondent of *The Times* 1939-53; author of *A Short History of the Second World War*, etc.

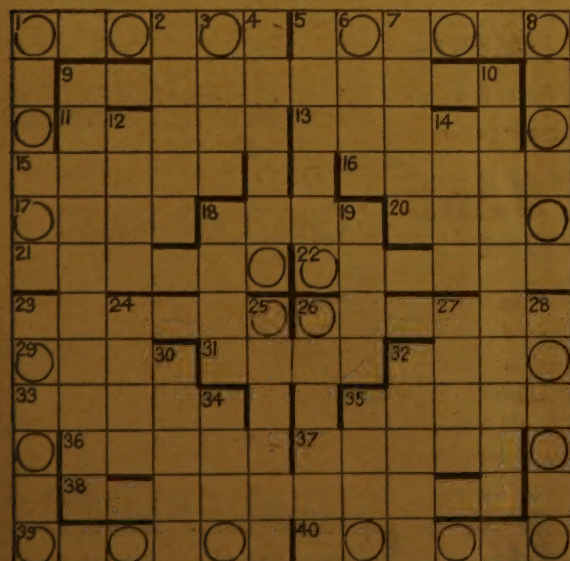
## Crossword No. 1,395.

## Diametricode.

## By Babs

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, February 28. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final



For purposes of a diametricode twenty-four letters of the alphabet (J and Q omitted) occupy the squares with circles inscribed, and each of these letters forms a 'pair' with the letter diametrically opposite, e.g., the third letter of 1 Across with the fourth letter of 40 Across, the second letter of 23 Down with the fifth letter of 8 Down, the last letter of 21 Across with the first letter of 26 Across. Where the clue is in italics, each letter of the answer is replaced by the other letter of its 'pair'.

## CLUES—ACROSS

1. Laze about in a steam yacht? That's flimsy (6).
5. Has he a swinging carriage? Yes, in the South Western Railway (6).
9. Military power presumably less mighty than penmanship (10).
11. Men of wool, these mystics I fuss about (5).
13. What the Hades! Dis is it (5).
15. Hack away the lance-corporal's stripe (5).
16. Hawk ran the Good Companions; ran in the Tourist Trophy, too (5).
17. Weary? Take a tube—Inner or Outer Circle (4).
18. Slag-heap delays the prisoners (4).
- 20Up. Starting for Indo-China? Brush up your French quickly (4).
21. That stupid fellow from the upturned land around Ur (6).
22. 'A horse, a horse!' shouted Richard, and possibly got this instead (6).
23. In puris naturalibus? (6).
26. Row upon row of old French dance tunes (6).
29. Dutch craft evident from the kick-off (4).
31. Scene of the Conqueror's inhumation and the limestone's excavation (4).
32. Completely surrounded, but full of grit (4).
33. A blast or two for Dickens' head-boy (5).
35. Home, abroad, it's just the same if you get the whole lot back (5).
36. Indian is there in disarray for all to see (5).
37. Extend the scope of Latin that is found in Cobbett's town (5).
38. Not a profane epithet, please! Can't letters follow the emergency message about the smashed car? (10).
39. Question: what happens to the family doctor upon reorganisation? (6).
40. Sitting-out place; the Greeks had a word for it (6).

## DOWN

1. How to pick the apples without a ladder; it's not unlike tiddlywinks (6).
2. Swoop down on the pickled pig's ear (5).
3. There are signs of life in these rocks (4).
4. Clearly a foreigner in No Man's Land (6).
5. Hero of a shaggy dog story? (6).
6. Artificially contrived 25 (4).
7. A share of the reckoning, of course (5).
8. Go through again what might be even worse in retrospect (6).
9. If you can't bear salt, you are certainly not this (10).
10. Equivalent to mantains (10).
12. It has an Egyptian flavour, you bet, but draw the soda off first (4).
14. Disorderly device for the employer (4).
18. Unprofessional (4).
19. Gate-crash (in 28?) (4).
23. Heart of oak! 'I'm boss!' That's the attitude! (6).
- 24Up. Just plain commonsense (4).
25. Look out, the Navy's in a hole (6).
26. The least civilised of Caesar's Gauls (6).
27. Angry Scottish evangelical (4).
28. It prompted an occasional overture (6).
30. The Three-Cornered Cape (by a French composer?) (5).
32. Don't forget the diver! Wot, no tail? (5).
- 34Up. Swedish river plays the giddy goat (4).
35. Help, come back, before the last letter arrives for the Mexican president (4).

## Solution of No. 1,393

T	U	C	K	A	H	O	E	T	A	M	A	L
S	A	H	A	R	A	D	P	E	F	A	W	E
A	S	E	T	T	Q	U	E	N	E	L	L	E
M	A	W	K	E	U	R	E	N	A	P	E	C
B	L	E	A	F	E	D	S	E	R	A	P	H
A	L	T	N	A	T	A	R	O	S	C	A	E
S	O	R	T	E	O	M	O	S	L	A	T	E
I	W	E	P	T	R	U	T	T	O	N	I	D
M	Y	G	A	L	E	P	A	R	T	A	N	E
P	O	I	N	A	W	A	B	A	R	A	B	
K	A	M	A	D	E	V	A	C	A	D	S	U
I	D	E	D	E	R	A	G	O	D	O	W	N
N	A	R	A	S	S	H	A	D	D	O	C	K

## NOTES

- Across: 13. Awe(to); 18. ure + an rev.; 19. pec(cadillo); 25. tar(and); 27. a cos\*; 28. three mngs.; 30. com(fort)-us; 34. nut(ant); 35. Ind\*; 42.\* and literally; 44. Arab(a); 49. die.\*
- Down: 4. Craft, tea\*; 5. hat on = head covered; 6. (t)eees; 7. tenn(e); 12. our(ali); 21. mad = dam up; 27. rev. of do cart so; 29. regime(nt); 31. tola\*; 36. d(oub)le-bunk; 46. (Can)Ada; 48. (a)dd(ing)

\* Anagram

Prizewinners: 1st prize: J. H. Atkins (London, N.W.3); 2nd prize: D. R. Hardwick (Paignton); 3rd prize: Mrs. M. Ireland (New Malden).

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